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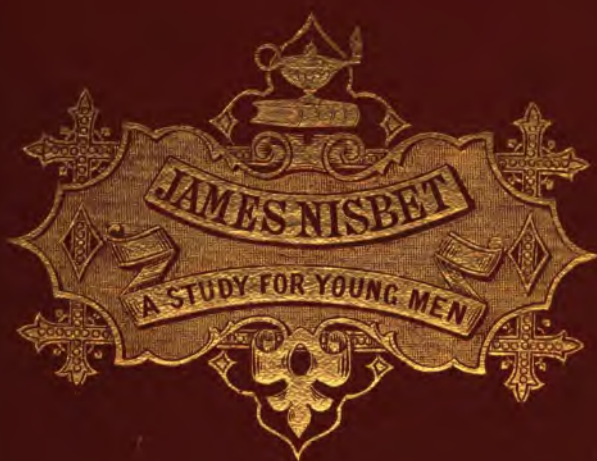
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*LESSONS FROM THE LIFE*

OF THE LATE

JAMES NISBET, PUBLISHER,  
LONDON.

*A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.*

BY THE

REV. J. A. WALLACE,

AUTHOR OF 'PASTORAL RECOLLECTIONS,' 'COMMUNION SERVICES,' 'WAYMARKS  
FOR THE GUIDING OF LITTLE FEET,' ETC. ETC.



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## P R E F A C E.



THE following record is not to be regarded in the light of a mere biography. In itself it is defective and incomplete. It was written, moreover, for the most part from a bed of sickness, and was undertaken for a special purpose.

I had previously drawn up some brief narratives, having reference to loved ones whom death had taken from my own dwelling, and intended mainly, if not exclusively, for the benefit of my own children. It was with the same view that I began to examine and arrange a few of the papers which my revered father-in-law had left behind him, when he ceased from his earthly labours, and entered into his everlasting rest, being thoroughly convinced that there were outstanding facts in his history, and great lessons to be drawn from them, which, by the blessing of God,

were not unlikely to be serviceable, both now and in after life, to the members of my own household.

I had not, however, proceeded very far in the carrying out of my projected plan, when the thought occurred to me, that by making freer use of the materials at my disposal, and adapting them for the perusal of a wider circle, I might do something in the way not only of gratifying a wish expressed by many friends, for some memorial of one whom they highly esteemed, but of impressing some solemn and important lessons, more especially on the minds of young men, when leaving the paternal roof, and commencing the business of life amid the turmoils and the temptations of the great metropolis.

With this brief but necessary explanation, I send forth the little work, craving the reader to overlook its manifold imperfections, and earnestly desiring that the life of my venerated father may be virtually prolonged on the earth, by the rising up of many, who, practising the lessons which his life teaches, may be rendered instrumental in handing down to the coming generations the noble principles which the grace of God enabled him so remarkably to exemplify.

J. A. W.

‘Up and away like the odours of sunset,  
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on ;  
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,  
And I but remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,  
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown ;  
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the  
reaper,  
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken ;  
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,  
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,  
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.’





## I.

### INTRODUCTION.

‘He raiseth up the poor out of the dust ; that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people.’—  
PSALM CXIII. 7, 8.



HERE are some men who acquire considerable celebrity from the mere fact of their coming into the world as the acknowledged proprietors of vast and magnificent estates, or because, along with their patrimonial possessions, they inherit a title which has come down to them through a long line of illustrious ancestors. In the personal qualities by which they are distinguished, or in the course of conduct which they pursue, there may be nothing to attract the admiration of mankind, but the reverse. But just as the great luminary of heaven imparts a sparkling brilliancy to objects in themselves positively unsightly and repulsive ; even so these men of fashion

and of rank may be brought very prominently into notice for a season, by the adventitious circumstances in which they are placed. But their celebrity is of little value, and of brief duration. When their sun is gone down, and the breath passes from their nostrils, their glory is like the flower of the field, which is cut down, and which withers away.

There are other men who come into the world without any of the advantages which are commonly associated with illustrious titles, or with patrimonial possessions. In so far as mere outward circumstances are concerned, everything, at first sight, appears to be against them. They are cast, by the providence of God, almost exclusively on their own resources; and the obstacles which meet them at the outset of their career, or during the earlier stages of their progress, are of a character very much fitted to discourage and overwhelm. Yet by devoting themselves with indomitable energy to the cultivation of their mental powers, and seizing, with hearts thoroughly in earnest, upon every opportunity of improvement placed within their reach, and relying with strong faith on the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, they eventually clear their way through difficulties by which other men are utterly paralysed, and rise, by gradual and progressive steps, till they actually attain to a higher position in the world, and exercise a more command-

ing influence over their brethren of mankind, and become the instruments of accomplishing a far larger amount of good, than if, apart from mental power, and the grace which cometh down from God, they had inherited the noblest name, the highest rank, and the most splendid estates. These men may be said to shine, not alone by the radiance of an unclouded prosperity. Like gems of the purest water, they have lustre and excellence and beauty in a sense inherent in themselves. And while the memory of the wicked shall rot, the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

This, to some extent at least, was the case with James Nisbet ; and, in glancing at some of the leading features of his character, I am anxious to indicate the principles to which they are to be traced, and to point out a few of the lessons which they teach.

‘All common things—each day’s events,  
That with the hour begin and end ;  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings—we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees—by more and more—  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.



*Introduction.*

The distant mountains that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight ;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern, unseen before,  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.'





## II.

### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

‘Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.’—PROV. XXII. 6.



THE date of James Nisbet's birth was the 3d of February 1785. His father was at that time the tenant of a small farm at Spylaw, in the neighbourhood of Kelso; but he afterwards went into the army, and having served for upwards of fifteen years in the 15th Foot, under Colonel Sir William Fawcett, he was discharged with the rank of sergeant, in consequence of his arm being wounded and broken. He was then admitted as an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and appointed by the Earl of Moira to be conductor of stores in the establishment of the field train of artillery at Woolwich. He and his partner in life were remarkably upright and amiable, and exemplary in the discharge of their relative duties; and their son,

while living under the paternal roof, was no doubt trained very carefully to the practice of the same principles, by which they themselves were characterized ; and I feel assured that their influence and example were of signal service, in instilling into his mind from his earliest years that love of truth, and of honesty, and of kindness, and of fair and honourable dealing, which he continued eminently, and through the whole course of his life, to exemplify for himself.

But in other respects I cannot help thinking that his religious education, while defective in itself, was not altogether founded in right principle. His parents were themselves unduly prejudiced against the peculiarities of vital and evangelical religion, and therefore could not be expected to be earnest and indefatigable in pressing upon his attention the vast importance of looking for the teaching of the Divine Spirit, that, being washed in the blood of Christ, and born from above, he might be qualified for the faithful and efficient performance of every good work. Moreover, it is not undeserving of notice, that being an only child, he was indulged in almost everything to an extent exceedingly prejudicial to his usefulness in after life.

To nothing else than the defective and injudicious training to which he was subjected in his childhood is, I believe, to be traced that feature in his character

to which his own minister, Dr. Hamilton, of Regent Square, London, so emphatically refers in the sermon which he preached on the occasion of his death. He says : ‘ With a sanguine temperament, he had strong convictions, and an eager spirit ; and whilst he sometimes magnified into an affair of principle a matter of secondary moment, he was impatient of opposition, and he did not always concede to an opponent the sincerity which he so justly claimed for himself. Then, again, his openness was almost excessive ; and his determination to flatter nobody sometimes led him to say things more plain than pleasant ; and this, united to a fastidious optimism—to that turn of mind at once constructive and conservative, which planned its own ideal, and which could bear no alterations on it except those of his own originating,—this sensitiveness and this outspokenness, kept some persons from ever discovering his rare and remarkable worth. The keen sentence, or the warm demonstration, rankled in their memory, and created a prejudice not easily overcome. And those only could appreciate his excellence who either knew his entire manner of life, or whose casual acquaintance was confined to the walks of his habitual benevolence.’

This I believe to be truly and faithfully expressed, and I refer to it because of the lesson which it teaches to parents. The lesson is this : while warmly interested in the well-being of your children, beware

of anything like over-indulgence. Do not allow them to have everything which they ask, or to do everything which they like. Let there be control when it is needed, kindly exercised, and always regulated by religious principle ; for otherwise you may inflict evils on your children which may affect the whole current of their after lives ; and even when brought under the power of the Divine Spirit, and engaged in the service of the Divine Redeemer, may so betray themselves in infirmities of temper which may mar the operation of the most benevolent schemes, and excite prejudices in the minds of other men which cannot fail to be productive of the most injurious results.

‘Lamb of God, I look to Thee,  
Thou shalt my example be ;  
When Thou wast a little child,  
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

Due obedience Thou didst show,  
Oh make me obedient too !  
Thou wast merciful and kind :  
Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,  
In Thy hands secure I am ;  
Fix Thy temple in my heart,  
Never from Thy child depart.’



### III.

#### THE RESISTED TEMPTATION.

‘My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’—  
PROV. I. 10.



**A**FTER being instructed in the branches of education usually taught in the parish schools of Scotland, but without enjoying the higher training of any college or university, James Nisbet was apprenticed in his fifteenth year to Mr. Charles Wilson, writer in Kelso. But before he had served the three years for which he was bound, he received the offer of a situation in London; and Mr. Wilson having given up the indenture, and furnished him with a most satisfactory certificate of character, he left Kelso in January 1803, and proceeded to the great metropolis by way of Berwick. Shortly after his arrival in London, he was subjected to a great temptation; but as the circumstances are so graphically described by Dr. Hamilton, I shall take the liberty of quoting his emphatic words.

‘The time of a young man’s arrival in London is a time of trial ; and those who have the prudence or the principle to overcome the temptations of the first few months are usually preserved to the end. It was with a heavy heart that our friend left Kelso on a wintry day in 1803 ; and I have heard him tell how he stood that evening on the bridge at Berwick, weeping till the tear had almost frozen on his cheek ; and on his eighteenth birthday he found himself, a friendless youth, in this great labyrinthine London. One night soon after his arrival, a young acquaintance, whom he had known in his own country-side, took him out to see some sights, and at last their walk ended in a blind alley, and a strange-looking place. Some instinct told him it was the house of the destroyer ; and as, at a signal made by his companion, the door opened, he started back in horror. He entreated his companion to come away ; but he laughed at him, and went in, leaving him to find the best of his way through the unknown streets. I have heard him tell how desolate he felt as he wandered back by himself that dreary night. It seemed to him as if the city to which he had come must be a sort of Pandemonium. Already it had transformed into a profligate the companion whom, ere leaving home, he had known as a virtuous youth ; and his fancy was oppressed by a vague fear of evil—mysteries of iniquity, and shadowy apprehensions of

snares and pitfalls. He felt as if he too might at last yield to the terrible fatality. The whole thing was too painful for him till he went into the sanctuary. But on the next Sabbath he found his way to Swallow Street. The Scotch Psalms were sung, prayer was offered, and a sermon was preached by a venerable and affectionate pastor. The little church soon brightened into a Bethel, and he was reassured and comforted to find that even London had spots of which it could be said, "Surely God is in this place."

There is much that is deserving of imitation in the example of James Nisbet, in divorcing himself from all association with a profligate and false-hearted companion, and at once turning with stern and unyielding virtue from the haunts of wickedness into which he was seeking to inveigle him. The decisive step which he took on that eventful evening was, of all others perhaps, the most momentous in itself, and the most potent in the influences which it exercised over all the issues of his future life. Had he crossed but for once the threshold of the door that was set open before him, the devil might have riveted his strong fetters about his heart, and erected insuperable barriers in the way of his rising to the high and honourable position which he afterwards attained; and one act of vicious indulgence, while blasting his worldly prospects, might have so en-



tangled him in the snares of the destroyer, that his feet, like those of his hapless associate, might never more have laid hold of the paths of life. But at once he resisted and fled, and his safety was in flight ; not in parleying with the enemy, but in fleeing from him ; and in fleeing from him, and avoiding everything like a dishonourable compromise, he was preserved from the snares of the destroyer, and compassed about with songs of the most merciful deliverance.

Young men, while exposed to similar temptations, are very apt to flatter themselves into the delusion that they have perfect command over their wayward propensities, and that no great evil is likely to arise from at least one single excursion within the precincts of the forbidden ground. But beware ! There is the greatest of all risks in the taking of the first step, in the resisting of the earliest conviction, in the breaking down of the foremost barrier. If you guard against that, you are safe ; but if you yield at all, or to any extent, you are putting yourselves under the power of the great adversary, and at present you may not be able to form the least conception of the wild and perilous paths into which he may conduct you. His policy is very plausible, and his temptations are well fitted to throw you off your guard, and to beguile and to mislead you. For he does not appear in his own person, nor in a hideous and re-

pulsive form does he display all the characteristics of diabolical malignity, or of the most atrocious vice. His voice may neither be heard bellowing like a roaring lion, nor may his footsteps be heralded as by the savage ferocity of a ravening wolf ; even the trail of the wily serpent may not be apparent. He may appear as an angel of light, possessed of irresistible attractions, and clothed with celestial beauty—though it will be an angel without a harp and without a crown—holding out to you a cup that was never mingled in heaven, and speaking to you through the form of some creature of flesh and blood, whose footsteps, treading on flowery paths, may be light as the zephyrs of heaven, but whose chambers are contiguous to the darkest dungeons of hell.

These are the kind of agents which the devil uses. He keeps himself in the background, or behind the scenes, or out of sight, lest you should be startled or repelled by his frightful mien, or by his diabolical designs. The hook which he casts is always covered with the daintiest bait. The poison which he mingles is sweetened to the taste, and then presented in a golden bowl ; and the ministering servants which he sends forth to invite you to the banquet he prepares, are not unlikely to be the loveliest and the most alluring which this fallen earth can furnish ; and therefore, the young and the simple-hearted, because ignorant of his devices, are in great

danger of being carried captive by him at his pleasure, and led down to the gates of hell, without detecting the snares that have been laid for their feet, or discovering the strength of the chains by which they have been bound, or understanding the character of the master whose work they have been doing, and whose wages they are entitled to receive.

‘ O streams of earthly love and joy,  
On whose green banks we dwell,  
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,  
Ye promise fair and well.

Ye charm the sunbeams from the air,  
The fragrance from the flowers,  
The blossoms from the budding tree,  
The wealth of summer hours.

Ye bid us come and take them all  
From your enchanted blue;  
Ye tell us but to stoop and taste  
The joy, and scent, and hue.

Ye lure us, and we venture in,  
Cheated by sun and smiles;  
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,  
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us ! we glide  
Down your deceiving wave,  
Like men by siren song beguiled  
On to a siren grave.

*The Resisted Temptation.*

19

O world ! there's fever in thy touch,  
And frenzy in thine eye ;  
To lose and shun thee is to live,  
To win thee is to die.'





#### IV.

### HELP FROM ABOVE.

‘Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee.’—JOB XXII. 27.

**I**F the policy of Satan is so plausible, and his devices in the case of great multitudes are so successful, the question perhaps may occur, How was it that James Nisbet was enabled to escape?

Not certainly by reason of any virtuous principle that was inherent in himself, but because, sensible of his own weakness, he was in the habit of looking for the aid of a higher power. This seems evident from the brief but emphatic prayers recorded in a little journal which he kept about that time. The following may be taken as a specimen: ‘Lead me, O Lord, in the light of Thy salvation, and make me to rejoice in Thee all my days.’ ‘Sanctify me wholly, O God, and subdue the vile corruptions of my heart.’ ‘May

the Lord ever guide me by His counsels, and lead me in the way everlasting.' 'I am indeed poor; but blessed be the Lord, who heareth the cry of the poor and needy.' 'Oh charming, charming promise: "Fear not, for I am with thee!"'

I do not doubt that these prayers were the utterances of an earnest heart, and they seem to have met with an abundant answer. Desolate and helpless though he was, he was not abandoned to his own resources. In the time of strong temptation, God not only interposed for his deliverance, but He guided his footsteps into the sanctuary where His own name had been recorded, where in times past He had been gracious to others, and where now, in his great straits, He proved Himself gracious to him. Some time after, in writing to a young friend, he says: 'If ever I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it is since I came to London; and I have much cause to bless God that I was ever brought under the ministry of dear Mr. Nichol.'

It was in Swallow Street Presbyterian Church also that he met with his future wife, whose sound judgment, and whose masculine energy of character, were instrumental in exercising a most salutary influence on himself. And there also he was brought into close association with a number of young men, with whom, ere long, he cordially co-operated in the establishment of a Sabbath school in connection with the church,

with whom also he freely corresponded on matters of personal experience relating to the highest interests of the soul, and with many of whom he remained in the closest bonds of intimacy during the whole course of his life.

In all these respects, God dealt very graciously with him. But the benefit was not confined exclusively to himself. Ever after he was on the outlook for young men coming up to London for the prosecution of their worldly callings. And remembering his own experience, and the temptation with which he was assailed, his great object was to attract them to the house of God ; and, during the interval of public worship, his door was open, and his table spread for young men, many of whom have risen to high and honourable positions in the church of Christ, and who have not been backward in testifying to the favourable influences exercised on their characters by the faithful counsels which were tendered, and the good books which were presented to them by their old and warm-hearted friend, James Nisbet.

‘ There is an Eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an Ear that never shuts,  
When darkness shrouds the light.  
There is an Arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way ;  
There is a Love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
That Ear is filled with angels' songs ;  
That Arm upholds the worlds on high ;  
That Love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,  
That listening Ear to gain.

That power is Prayer—the noblest boon  
To feeble mortals given ;  
It moves the hand omnipotent  
That rules o'er earth and heaven.'







## V.

### LOVE FOR THE SANCTUARY.

‘ Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.’—Ps. xxvi. 8.

**W**HILE he was earnest in secret prayer, he had also a great liking for the courts of the Lord's house. In a pocket memorandum-book for 1805, containing a list of places of worship in London where the gospel was reputed to be purely preached, he has a pencil mark attached to a good many of them ; such as, St. Mary's Woolnoth, J. Newton and J. Pratt ; Londonwall, Dr. Young ; Swallow Street, Dr. Trotter and Mr. Nichol ; Wells Street, Mr. Waugh ; Finsbury Square Meeting, C. Buck ; the Independent Church, Rotherhithe ; the City Road Chapel ; and the Tabernacle. And though at that time he was much occupied with secular duties, so that with regard to particular ser-

vices there are such entries as these : ‘ Could not attend,’ or ‘ Business prevented ;’ yet, taking the period of six consecutive months, I notice the instructive fact, that he was never absent on one solitary occasion from any Sabbath service in connection with the place of worship in Swallow Street, which he usually attended ; while during the same period he was present at eighty week-day services, such as sermons, missionary associations, and teachers’ prayer meetings, which gives on an average more than three for every week.

It is impossible to glance at such records without perceiving that every leisure hour he could spare was consecrated to the service of God ; and his freedom in early life from the vanities and pollutions of such a city as London may be traced, under the blessing of the Divine Spirit, to the fact of his resorting so frequently to the places where prayer is wont to be made, and having his religious impressions, which the details of a lawful occupation are apt to wear out, deepened and reiterated and matured by means of the devotional exercises, and the heart-searching addresses of so many of the most godly and experienced ministers of Christ.

‘ How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

*Love for the Sanctuary.*

Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within Thy house, O God of grace !  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road,  
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,—  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.'





## VI.

### FAVOURITE BOOKS.

‘Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.’—PROV. XXIII. 23.



SOME influence for good is also to be ascribed to the fact, that instead of expending his spare time in the reading of the light kind of literature which possesses so many attractions for the youthful mind, he purchased, and, as opportunity occurred, he consulted such works as the following: Henry’s ‘Commentary;’ Hall’s ‘Contemplations;’ Missionary Transactions; Cruden’s ‘Concordance;’ Missionary Sermons; Mason’s ‘History of Jesus;’ Buck’s ‘Religious Experience;’ Whitfield’s Sermons; and Baxter’s ‘Saints’ Rest.’

Keeping these facts in view, and looking at the experience of James Nisbet, let me say to young men

—Take care, 1<sup>st</sup>, How you pray ; 2<sup>d</sup>, What you hear ; 3<sup>d</sup>, Where you go ; and 4<sup>th</sup>, What you read.

‘ All are architects of fate,  
Working in these walls of time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base,  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.’



## VII.

### EARLY RISING.

‘ Jacob rose up early in the morning.’—GEN. XXVIII. 18.

‘ I myself will awake early.’—PS. CVIII. 2.

**T**HE habit of early rising was one which he formed from his childhood, and which he continued regularly to practise, both in winter and in summer, to the very close of his useful and eventful life. Sometimes he sought to press very earnestly on the attention of those that were dear to him the same practice which he exemplified so faithfully himself. In writing to a young friend, he says, ‘ We find our Lord when on earth rising a great while before day, that He might spend some time in secret prayer ; and David says, “ Early will I seek Thee ; ” and shall we, who stand so much in need of the Lord’s assistance, slumber and sleep away our time ? ’

By means of this habit he redeemed large portions

of time, utterly lost by other men in idleness or sleep, and thereby he was enabled to accomplish a much larger amount of work, profitable to himself, and useful to other men, than otherwise it would have been possible for him to overtake. Moreover, he was enabled, by the diligent searching of the Scriptures, and by close communion with the living God, to keep in a state of active and healthy operation the principles of the divine life in the heart. And the result was, that instead of being utterly immersed, as is the case with many, in carnality and worldliness, his daily work was consecrated into a living sacrifice, his place of business was transformed into a holy temple, and amid the hurry and excitement of everyday life, he exhibited the rare and noble spectacle of one who, while very diligent in business, was also very fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Reader, mark and learn the lesson which this teaches. You cannot add to your stature a single cubit, nor can you protract your life one moment beyond the time that is fixed by the ordination of God. But by the habit of early rising, and the diligent use of outward means, you may rise to the measure of the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus; and by redeeming your time from idleness and sloth, you may accomplish as much in the service of Christ, during the brief term that is allotted to you,

as if the shadow on life's sun-dial had been turned back, and God had actually added to the length and number of your days.

'Begin the day with God !  
He is thy sun and day ;  
He is the radiance of thy dawn,  
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn !  
Join the glad woods and hills ;  
Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains ;  
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God !  
Not to thy fellow-man ;  
Not to the creatures of His hand,  
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing ;  
Arise, dull knees, and pray ;  
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;  
Brush slothfulness away.

Take thy first walk with God !  
Let Him go forth with thee ;  
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,  
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be  
With God Himself above ;  
So shall thy business prosper well,  
And all the day be love.'





## VIII.

### BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

‘Add to godliness brotherly kindness.’—2 PETER I. 7.



**A**FTER he had been for some time settled in London, he was waited upon by his venerable minister, bringing along with him a young man who had just came up from Scotland for the prosecution of his worldly calling. He was a son of the Rev. John Russel of Stirling, a man held in the highest esteem, both for the unction of his preaching and for his godly character.

And there cannot be a doubt that Mr. Nichol acted wisely, and with a most faithful regard to his highest interests, by at once introducing this young man to the acquaintance of James Nisbet, and seeking a home for him in the lodgings which he occupied, under the judicious management of a kind-hearted widow of high Christian character, belonging to his own congregation.

As the result of this arrangement, the two young men were of course brought into close and habitual contact with one another, and their intercourse was of a character most favourable to their growth in grace, and to the development of their religious principles. James Nisbet had previously secured two sittings in the church at Swallow Street, that he might have perfect freedom in taking any juvenile associate along with him to enjoy the ministrations which he found to be so profitable to himself. And it is somewhat interesting to notice that the place to which he guided the footsteps of Alexander Russel was neither a theatre, nor a concert room, nor a house of infamy, but the hallowed sanctuary, where the name of God was recorded, and where, under the ministrations of a faithful and warm-hearted pastor, the principles to which his young friend had been trained in the dwelling of his godly parents were most likely, under the blessing of God, to be strengthened and matured.

But their intercourse, however genial, was not of long duration. Naturally of a feeble constitution, the health of Alexander Russel soon gave way amid the late hours and the continuous labour that were required for the discharge of his official duties as a clerk in the East India House. But during the progress of the disease, which speedily terminated in his death, and while far away from the assiduities of the family circle with which he was connected, every

possible attention was paid to him. Neither father, nor sister, nor mother, could have watched over him more tenderly than did his loving friend, James Nisbet. Every hour he could get away from his own place of business was spent by his side; and in a long letter which he wrote to his mourning parents, and in which, with great judgment and propriety, he details every little incident which was fitted to alleviate the bitterness of their grief, he closes the interesting narrative with these touching words: 'He was then anxious to get out of bed; but when I wished him to lie still, he sprang up himself, gave me a most pleasing smile, and warmly clasping me round the neck, he almost instantly resigned his spirit into the hands of his Saviour, and fell asleep without a sigh or a groan.'

'Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.'

The old man, his father, so unexpectedly bereaved of a loving and beloved son, was greatly touched. In writing to James Nisbet, he says: 'I consider it as a high display of the kindness of Providence that my son was directed to lodge in the same house with you, and I desire to bless the Lord who excited you to show all the affection and attention of a dear brother to him. Believe it, you will not lose your reward. May the Lord render to you a hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come give you eternal life.' And about twenty years after, when the venerable man and his partner in life had entered into their everlasting rest, their son, the Rev. John Russel of Muthil, writes in the same grateful and affectionate strain: 'I feel it to be my duty to inform you that my dear parents retained to the last the most affectionate remembrance of you, and of your kind offices to my departed brother. They often spoke of you with the warmest love, and with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, and often adored that kind Providence which introduced my dear brother to your acquaintance.'

I cannot turn from the closing scene of Alexander Russel without taking leave to say: Let no minister

of the gospel ever suffer a young man to leave the bounds of his congregation, with the view of going to such a place as London, without taking special care not only to furnish him with a formal certificate of character, but to send along with him a note of introduction, commending him to the kind attention of some Christian minister. Lists of suitable lodgings are, I believe, kept by the ministers of the Presbyterian churches; and in the associations connected with their congregations, there are men of Christian character ready to exercise every kind office to any young man on his first coming to the great metropolis; and, by assisting him to obtain comfortable lodgings, by taking him along with them to their prayer-meetings, by encouraging his regular attendance in the sanctuary, and by giving him something to do in the work of the Sabbath schools, he is likely not only to be guarded from the vanities and the vices by which otherwise he might be led astray, but to be so habituated to the service of Christ in the days of his youth, as to lead to active and extensive usefulness during the whole course of his future life. Or should it so happen, under the providential arrangements of God, that his earthly career should be brought to an early close, he is sure, like Alexander Russel, to enjoy the assiduities of Christian friends, and perhaps to leave evidence behind him, which, whilst fitted to assuage the grief of sorrowing rela-

tives, may leave no room to doubt, that in leaving them he has only gone to be with Jesus, which is far better.

‘ Why come not spirits from the realms of glory  
To visit earth, as in the days of old—  
The times of ancient writ and ancient story—  
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold ?

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded  
But of such clay as fashions all below ;  
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,  
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one’s pillow—  
Theirs was the soft tone, and the soundless tread ;  
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,  
They stood “ between the living and the dead.”

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,  
That when its veil of sadness is laid down,  
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,  
And wear its glory like a starry crown.’



## IX.

### RECOMPENSE OF REWARD.

‘Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth.’—  
PROV. XI. 31.

**T**HE kindness shown by James Nisbet to his dear friend, Alexander Russel, generous and disinterested though it was at the time, was eventually, and in many respects, advantageous to himself. It led to a regular correspondence with his brother John, while prosecuting his studies for the ministry at the University of Glasgow, and even after his appointment to the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. The correspondence throughout had reference almost exclusively to matters of religious experience, and there is every reason to believe that the counsels of that godly man were of signal service in clearing away doubts and discouragements with which he was occasionally perplexed, and leading to that force and stability of

character by which, ere long, he was so eminently distinguished.

‘Be brave, my brother !  
He whom thou servest slights  
Not even His weakest one ;  
No deed, though poor, shall be forgot,  
However feebly done.  
The prayer, the work, the thought,  
The faintly-spoken word,  
The plan that seemed to come to nought,  
Each has its own reward.

Be brave, my brother !  
Enlarge thy heart and soul ;  
Spread out thy free glad love,  
Encompass earth, embrace the sea,  
As does that sky above.  
Let no man see thee stand  
In slothful idleness,  
As if there were no work for thee  
In such a wilderness.

Be brave, my brother !  
Stint not the liberal hand,  
Give in the joy of love ;  
So shall thy crown be bright, and great  
Thy recompense above.  
Reward, not like the deed—  
That poor weak deed of thine—  
But, like the God Himself who gives,  
Eternal and divine.’





## X.

### VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

‘God shall be with you, and bring you again into the land of your fathers.’—GEN. XLVIII. 21.

**I**N 1808, his health was somewhat impaired by incessant labour, and having intimated his purpose of spending a few weeks in Scotland, he received a letter from his father, which shows very clearly that his views in regard to religious matters were of the old Moderate stamp, and very different from his son’s.

He says : ‘We are very glad of seeing our beloved son again ; and, James, I desire you will make yourself free and easy among all your acquaintance. I am very happy to think you have got so much of the fear of God about you ; but, you know, if you began to speak much about religious matters, they will be saying it is an outward show, so the less you meddle with

these matters the better for your short stay. You know, if the people you are connected with are in error, they have other people to correct them, without your troubling yourself with them. I am told by a gentleman that you are a teacher of the Sunday schools, and he would not think much to hear you preach in the streets of London, which I would be very sorry for, as you never got education for that purpose. I hope you are not following the principles of the Methodists, as, you know, we had plenty of them in Kelso, and some very worthy people followed them. Concerning the meetings you attend, God Almighty never desired man to spend all his time in godliness. He designs such as you or me to labour and work for our bread while on earth. To such as ministers He gives the divine law to lay down to us, and it is their duty so to do. I am very happy to hear that you are going on in the good way; but too much for some young people turns their mind, and cuts off their days, while they might have been useful members of society. I shall say no more upon this head. I beg you will take the earliest opportunity of coming and seeing your father and mother, while, God be thanked, we are both able and willing to take care of you.'

In a religious point of view, his visit to his native place was not very satisfactory. He says in his journal: 'Had a long conversation about the sermon

we had heard, our London friends, and their employment ; upon the whole, a poor Sabbath, very unlike our dear Sabbaths in London. Oh ! how little do we in London consider the advantages we enjoy in having faithful ministers to dispense the word and ordinances amongst us ! Lord, enable us to improve by what we hear, and let our privileges never rise to condemn us, from our want of attention to the means. My friends are surprised at my cheerfulness, having heard such sad accounts of the bad effects of Methodism upon me. Am sadly deficient in speaking to them about the great salvation ; but have, at least, convinced them, that I retain my reasoning powers, and enjoy a happiness of which they have no conception. I have lost much in coming here ;—no prayer-meetings, no Thursday-night sermons, no companions with whom I would wish to be on intimate friendship, and no Sabbath schools. With the loss of these, which is most of all, I have lost Mr. Nichol.’

‘ Pray that Jerusalem may have  
Peace and felicity ;  
Let them that love thee, and thy peace,  
Have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still  
Within thy walls remain,  
And ever may thy palaces  
Prosperity retain.

*Visit to Scotland.*

43

Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes,  
Peace be in thee, I'll say ;  
And for the house of God our Lord,  
I'll seek thy good alway.'





## XI.

### THE FAMILY OF THE RUSSELS.

‘The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.’—PSALM CXVIII. 15.

**F**ROM Kelso he went to Stirling to visit the Russels. There he was quite in his element; and the records which he wrote, while dwelling under their roof, are equally valuable, as throwing light on his own religious character, and giving an interesting insight into the habits of a most godly and devoted family.

‘*Friday, 3d June 1808.*—Left Edinburgh on the mail coach for Stirling, where, after a pleasant view of this rich and fertile country, I arrived safely about three o’clock, and was received with great kindness by the Rev. John Russel, his valuable wife, and his no less valuable son, now assistant to the Rev. Mr. Sheriff, at St. Ninians. After dinner, walked round the castle with my young friend; returned to tea,

after which the father and son retired to study, and I wrote to my father. Was summoned to family worship at eight. Old Mr. Russel began by imploring the Lord's countenance and blessing on the service in which we were about to engage. He then gave out three verses of a psalm, which we unitedly sung. Mr. John read the tenth chapter of 2 Corinthians, and then prayed with much fervour. It was truly delightful to engage with such a family, and I could not help singing, after returning to my own room—

“Blest are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise and mingled prayers  
Make their communion sweet.”

After supper, had much converse with the family; and at half-past nine separated for our own rooms, where I finished my letters, read a portion of the sacred word, and commended myself to God in prayer, and then retired to rest, greatly refreshed with what I had seen and felt in this house of God, where seem to be many wrestling Jacobs, and, no doubt, prevailing Israels. Old Mr. Russel is going some distance to attend a sacrament on Sabbath; and

I propose, if spared, walking to St. Ninians with Mr. John, who is to preach there all the day. Oh that we may have the outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and that both the preacher and hearers may know and feel the power of the truth as it is in Jesus upon their hearts !

‘ *Saturday, 4th June.*—Rose this morning between five and six, and, after prayer, walked to the post-office with young Mr. Russel, and again enjoyed his spiritual conversation. Returned at seven—he to his study, and I to my room ; and at half-past eight was summoned to attend worship. Old Mr. Russel began as last night. Mr. John read the fifth chapter of the Book of Numbers, after which the old man engaged in prayer ; and truly it appeared from the heart, and to be a work familiar, and in which he seemed to feel the presence of the Lord. Surely, if careless and prayerless families knew the happiness this family enjoys, they would not neglect, or carelessly perform, such a delightful duty. Should I ever be united to one of the family of God, oh that it may be our great concern, that as for others, whatever they do, we and our house may serve the Lord !

‘ Mr. Russel’s house stands next the castle, and commands a most extensive and delightful view of the river, and its various windings ; and the country round about seems to be very rich and fertile, and in the neighbourhood they have many pious and

zealous preachers of the gospel, which consequently adds to the beauty and richness of the place. The Forfar Militia are at present in the castle, among whom are a number of young men of real piety, who hold a fellowship meeting under the superintendence of Mr. Russel. I have given him a number of London tracts, which he is thankful for, as also several reports of the Tract Society.

‘From all I can see and observe, the family seem to live near to God, and enjoy much of His divine presence. While thus writing, I am not altogether unmindful of my dear friends in London; but while in this family of God, I do not so much envy the privileges they enjoy in dear London, as I did when about Kelso. It is far, very far different here. Religion in this family is the thing first attended to, and we have but little said on secular subjects. May the Lord bless them, and the labours of his dear servants, on the coming Sabbath, throughout the world, wherever the standard of the cross is erected.

‘*Sabbath, 5th June.*—Rose at six, and employed my time in reading and prayer, till the hour of worship at seven. Old Mr. Russel began as usual, then sang, and engaged in prayer. Breakfasted, and enjoyed conversation. We then retired to our separate apartments; and I have been uniting with my friends at Swallow Street Sabbath schools in prayer for the divine blessing on them, the dear youth, and the



church and pastors. Old Mr. Russel is just gone to Lecropt, dressed like an old pilgrim. He is a remarkably stout and tall man, and his voice, as dear Mr. Codman said, is indeed like thunder. I am anxious to hear him, and hope, if spared, to enjoy this privilege to-morrow at Lecropt. From his prayers and conversation, I can easily conceive what his preaching will be—Christ and Him crucified are his darling themes. At ten, young Mr. Russel and I set out amidst a heavy rain, and through deep roads, to St. Ninians. While I had sweet converse with dear Mrs. Sheriff, Mr. Russel retired to a separate room for prayer, till invited by a charming sound—the parish bells—to go with the multitude who keep holiday to the house of God.

“ Lord, at Thy threshold I would wait,  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.

My soul shall pray for Zion's state,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.”

I seemed to feel a good deal of the power of the word, and was often bathed in tears ; and, I may safely say, I never heard the truth declared with more boldness, and applied with more closeness, by any

minister I ever heard preach. His thundering voice, while denouncing the terrors of the law, and warning us of our danger, and his great earnestness while inviting sinners to the dear Jesus, of whom he spoke with the most lively emotion, made me almost think I was hearing the great Apostle Paul himself. Oh that the Lord may keep alive these impressions on my heart, and bless the word to all that heard it, and enable his dear young servant to be thus faithful even unto death, that he may obtain a crown of glory, and have many seals of his ministry in that day when the jewels are made up !

*' Monday, 6th June.*—Rose at five, and spent my time till eight, in reading and prayer, then attended family worship, and breakfasted. At nine, Mr. John and I set out through very deep roads, and in the midst of a very heavy rain, to Lecropt, where we arrived about half-past ten. Was kindly welcomed by the Rev. John Muir, the parish minister, and spoke together of dear Mr. Codman. At eleven, went to the house of God, which was crowded, though the day was so wet, and the distance of the most of the parishioners considerable. The Rev. Peter M'Farlane began by singing and prayer, and then preached from Matt. xi. 30 : " My yoke is easy." We then sung ; after which old Mr. Russel prayed in a most earnest manner, and preached from Rev. xiv. 13, " I heard a voice from heaven ; " after which he again

offered up solemn prayer, sung a psalm, and dismissed us at half-past three o'clock. We then retired to the manse, where, at four, I sat down to dinner with Rev. Mr. Muir and partner, Rev. Mr. Russel and son, Rev. Mr. Clason and partner, Rev. Mr. M'Farlane and partner, Rev. Mr. Sheriff, Rev. Mr. Anderson, Dr. Anderson and sister—all pious and dear people. During dinner, enjoyed much sweet and cheerful conversation, but nothing of lightness. After dinner, sung a paraphrase, and Mr. Sheriff concluded with prayer. Mr. Russel and son, Mr. Sheriff and myself, were then conveyed home in a cart, and arrived safe at Stirling about seven—a good day to be remembered.

*'Tuesday, 7th.*—Rose between five and six. After prayer, walked round the town and castle; returned and read the word till the hour of worship, when I assembled for the last time with the dear family, and found it good to be there. Took an affectionate farewell of the good old man, with his fatherly blessing, and, accompanied with my dear friend John, went to the coach-office, walked about for half an hour till the coach arrived, and enjoyed his discourse, and, at one, mounted the coach, after a farewell embrace from dear John.

'I desire to bless the Lord for directing my feet to that dear family, where I have seen the power of the religion of Jesus so much exemplified. Lord, dwell

with them, and make their communion sweet, and let the blessing of the God of Abraham rest and remain with them from hence, and for evermore ! Amen.

‘Passed through a large Highland fair at Crieff. Arrived at Perth about eight, and was met by my dear parents about half a mile from town, and by them conducted to the Horse Barracks, where they are comfortably and pleasantly situated.

‘And now that God has been with me, and kept me in the way that I have gone, and given me bread to eat and raiment to put on, and brought me again to my father’s house in peace, surely, indeed, the Lord shall be my God, and all that I am and have I would willingly devote to Him, who withheld not His own Son, His well-beloved Son, from us. Surely

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

“And blessed be His glorious name to all eternity.  
Amen and amen.”

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‘What must it be to dwell above,  
At God’s right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
Since the sweet earnest of His love  
O’erwhelms us in these dreary plains ?  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign !

Where sin no more obscures the sight,  
And sorrow pains the heart no more ;  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore !  
What heights, what depths of love divine,  
Shall there through endless ages shine !

This is the heaven I long to know,  
For this I would with patience wait ;  
Till wean'd from earth and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat ;  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And with the elders cast it down.'





## XII.

### EARLY CHARITIES.

‘Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.’—PROV. III. 9.



THE following sentence, written in pencil in his psalm-book, expresses, in few words, the principle according to which James Nisbet acted in the consecration of his substance to the service of the Lord :—

‘Instead of saying, What shall I render to the Lord for all His great mercies to me, the chief of sinners? some say, How little can I do? Oh! this ought not so to be; and if my heart be alive to the importance of my own salvation, I would willingly give, not merely what He has given me, but myself also to His service.’

When he left Scotland he had only four pounds in his possession. On reaching Berwick, he was under the necessity of waiting a week for the sailing

of the vessel which conveyed him to London, there being in those days no daily trains by rail. For the purpose of meeting current expenses, he was obliged to dispose of his violin, of which, having a fine taste for music, he was inordinately fond. And when, on his arrival at the great metropolis, he engaged himself as clerk to Mr. Hugh Usher, a West India merchant in Moorfields, his salary amounted only to £54, 12s. per annum; and though, for his good conduct, it was eventually raised to £60, and from £60 to £70, and from £70 to £100, and from £100 to £120, yet even when his income was most limited, he did not spend the whole of it on himself. During the first year of his engagement, he incurred an expense of upwards of £17, by enrolling himself in the Volunteer Corps of Loyal North Britons. And in a subsequent year or two, he sent £15 to his father; £6, with Brown's Family Bible, to his mother; two guineas to his aunt; and two guineas to his cousin; whilst the following may be noted amongst his early charities: Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, 10s. 6d.; subscription to the Friend-in-Need Society, 4s.; Missionary collection at the Tabernacle, 5s.; donation to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 7s.; annual subscription for Swallow Street School, 10s. 6d.; British and Foreign Bible Society, 10s. 6d.; Tottenham Court School, 10s. 6d.; subscription for aged Widow and Daughter,

£1, 1s. ; share of Dinner for Sabbath School Children, £1, 1s. 9d. ; subscription for Mrs. Helm, 10s. 6d. ; Wine and Jelly for little Mary Morguant, 5s. ; Kelso Friendly Society, £1, 11s. ; bottle of wine for Mrs. Mott, being ill, 4s. ; subscription for Cleveland School Building Fund, £2, 3s. 6d. ; Missionary collection, 7s. 6d. ; Tabernacle Society, 12s.

I have been somewhat particular in recording these various items, because of the lesson which they teach. Should they fall under the notice of any young man, little known, of limited means, just setting out on the business of life, they may be instrumental in dislodging a false principle from his heart. Hitherto, perhaps, he has been led to argue in this way : ‘ If I had influence and wealth at my disposal, I certainly might do something for the cause of Christ, and for the benefit of my fellow-men. But I have no position in the world at present, and in the meantime there is really nothing which I am able to do.’

Such an argument was never used by James Nisbet. He did not wait till he was wealthy before he became charitable. Even when his income was most scanty he never got into debt, and he had always something to give away. The amount might not be very great in itself ; but, after providing for lodgings and personal expenses, and exercising both economy and self-denial, it may be said that, in the form of charity, he really gave what he could. And the point which



is specially deserving both of notice and of imitation is this: he gave, and he gave heartily, as soon as he had anything to give. He began to practise the grace of charity when he was young; and if in after life he gave liberally, it was no new thing; it was the result of a habit which the grace of God led him to form in the days of his youth. If he had neglected to do what he could when his means were very limited, I don't believe that he would have done what he could when his way was made prosperous, and his cup was running over. The blessing of the Lord made him rich; but I believe that his riches had a close connection with his liberality.

The man who has few talents, and does nothing with them, is in the fair way of having the little taken away. But the man who diligently improves what he has, however little it may be at the first, is almost sure to be blessed with an abundant increase. The world is slow to believe in such a principle, and practically to act upon it. But history is rich in examples, as encouraging as they are arresting. There is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth only to poverty. But the liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and the liberal soul shall be made fat. The day of small things let no man despise; let him rather improve it to the utmost of his power, and the day of small things will, ere long, be followed with great and magnificent results.

'Thou art the living way,  
Oh Christ, through which alone,  
Sinners their offerings dare to lay  
Before Thy Father's throne.

Through Thee go up our works,  
In holiest thoughts and deeds ;  
Ever, O Lord, some evil lurks,  
That Thy atonement needs.

Washed in that precious stream,  
For guilty man that flowed,  
Faith's meanest works Thou bid'st us deem  
Acceptable to God.

Our works, our praise, our prayer,  
By Thee to God are borne ;  
Ourselves to Him, blest Saviour, bear,  
When breaks Thine advent morn.'





### XIII.

#### MUNIFICENT LIBERALITIES.

‘The liberal deviseth liberal things.’—ISA. XXXII. 8.



HAVING adverted to the charities of James Nisbet's youthful days, let me now glance for a moment at the grand results to which, by a patient continuance in well-doing, his early habits, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, were the instrument of conducting him.

For myself, I can truly say, that during the whole course of my experience and observation, I never met with any man more remarkable for unselfishness and for liberality. He had no particular taste of his own which he sought to gratify. He seemed only to live and to labour for the felicity of his family, the prosperity of the church of Christ, and the wellbeing of his brethren of mankind. Of him indeed it may be truly said, that the *law* of kindness was in his heart.

Some men do kind things occasionally, or under the impulse of momentary emotion, or at the bidding of strong passion. But it was otherwise with him. His kindness was not a matter of mere caprice, coming into operation by fits and starts. It was a law, not an occasional act, but a fixed and established habit, almost as steady and undeviating as are any of the laws that are working amid the elements of the material world. It can be traced through the whole course of his life. It may be seen in almost everything that he did; and all, I think, who ever came into close contact with him can testify, with sterling truth, to this most obvious and predominating feature of his character.

About 1809 he commenced business for himself, on a somewhat limited scale, as a bookseller in Castle Street. I believe his first transaction was the sale to a little child of a copy of the Shorter Catechism. But though at that time his prospects were by no means flattering, yet the blessing of the Lord rested upon him; his business transactions gradually increased, and he went on prospering in the labour of his hands. In the course of time he was admitted to the freedom of the city of London, and elected to the office of Renter Warden in the Stationers' Company. When his reputation as a publisher of religious books was thoroughly established, and his profits were considerable, he succeeded in buying the

premises in Berners Street, where the business has been carried on for nearly fifty years.

The purchase of this valuable property formed quite an era in his history. By means of it he realized the consummation he had long devoutly wished for ; his great object of ambition being, not to amass a large fortune for his own aggrandizement, but to be the proprietor of a comfortable dwelling, which he could throw open for the hospitable entertainment of godly men, such as faithful ministers of the gospel, or devoted missionaries to the heathen. Had he kept, as he once intended to do, a register for inserting the names of the distinguished men whom he welcomed so cordially to that pleasant home, I believe the record would have soon swollen into a series of the most massive volumes ; and if the various sums which he expended in ministering to their comfort had been reckoned up, they would have amounted to little less than a fortune of itself.

But apart from all expenditure of this kind, his liberality in other respects kept pace with the means which the providence of God had placed at his disposal. The subscriptions which he gave regularly to the various charitable institutions with which he was connected, were by no means inconsiderable ; and his influence in obtaining contributions from other parties was not less remarkable than his own munificence. From his own resources he contributed upwards of

£230 for the Regent Square Church, £300 for the building of the Free Church at Hawick, £1550 for the North Parish Church at Kelso, £1000, at the Disruption, for the Free Church of Scotland; and by personal exertion he collected from other parties - £210 for the Idiots' Asylum, £297 for the Presbyterian Church at Woolwich, £800 for the North Parish Church, Kelso, and subscriptions for the Caledonian Asylum which yield a yearly revenue of £245.

With great care I have looked into the details of one of the ponderous subscription-books which he kept in his own place of business; and judging from that and other records he has left behind him, I find that, during the course of about thirty years, he was in the habit of collecting for more than five hundred schemes, or churches, or societies, or cases of destitution; and adding together the various items, many of them small sums, it appears as the result, that there has actually passed through his hands the large amount of £145,339, 16s. 4d. Of course, none of all the books which he kept, and kept with great care, though remarkable for the accuracy and minuteness of their details, can give the least idea of the vast amount of gratuitous labour to which they subjected him, and which, but for his habits of early rising, and the amazing energy and activity of his character, might have occupied every hour of the

day, to the utter neglect of his own business concerns. And apart from the labour inseparably connected with the raising and the distribution of so large an amount of money, where is the man who can calculate the influence it has already exerted, or the blessings it may still continue to diffuse through all time, and to a certain extent through all eternity?

It is a blessed thing for any one to have it in his power to give even a cup of cold water to the least of the little ones for whom Christ died; but what a privilege for a man, neither of high rank nor of splendid possessions, to be the instrument, by means of continuous labour in the devising and the prosecution of liberal things, of gathering many thousands of pounds into the treasury of Christ! It is not needful that his name and his righteous deeds be recorded in monuments either of marble or of brass; but his works follow him, and his record is on high.

‘ I am thy creature, Lord,  
And made by hands divine;  
And I am part, however mean,  
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,  
The weakest things that be;  
Each has a service of its own,  
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,  
The tiny drops of dew,  
The giant peak, and little hill;  
My God, oh, use me too !

All things do serve Thee here,  
All creatures great and small ;  
Make use of me—of me, my God,  
The meanest of them all.'







#### XIV.

### DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS, AND OTHER RELIGIOUS WORKS.

‘There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.’—PROV. XI. 24.



R. NISBET was of much service to the cause of vital religion, by the republication of valuable works on theology, which were very scarce, or out of print, and by the establishment of a circulating library, the books of which were carefully selected, and open, I believe, gratuitously, for the use of any minister of the gospel. But apart from these, it would not be easy to reckon up the number of good books which he presented to little children, or to young men when leaving the shores of England, and setting out for far distant lands; the village or Sunday-school libraries which he furnished with useful publications, either freely, or at a very cheap rate, or the tracts which, in all his journeys, he circulated,

far and wide, in every district through which he passed.

It is interesting to notice, that this habit, like many others, was formed in early life. On his first arrival in London, one of the earliest entries in his account-book was an item of 4s. 2½d. for religious tracts. On his visit to Scotland, a few years after, his diary contains such records as the following : ‘ *Monday*.—Rose this morning at six, left Kelso for Melrose, and in my way dispersed several tracts. *Tuesday*.—Walked to Spylaw, my old place of residence, and dispersed a few tracts. *Wednesday*.—Had a long and profitable conversation with Aunt Nanny, a good, pious, old woman, and found it very refreshing. In my ride, dispersed many tracts, and conversed with some shepherd boys. May the Lord bless the dispersion of these little seeds of truth to those into whose hands they may come.’

At a later period, when God was pleased, by the outpouring of His Spirit, to visit various districts of Scotland with seasons of revival from His own presence, he sent large packets of tracts, descriptive of the movement, to every minister within the bounds of the Presbyterian Synod in England, that, by making their congregations aware of the great things which God had been doing in other places, they also might be encouraged to use similar means, in the faith and hope that the work of divine grace might be revived

among themselves. And at the period of the Disruption, he circulated, at his own expense, not only in Scotland and in Ireland, but throughout England, great multitudes of Dr. James Hamilton's 'Farewell to Egypt,' and other tracts of a similar description, which, it is understood, were of signal service in removing the ignorance and misapprehension which were then prevailing, as to the great principles for which the Free Church was contending.

In this department of Christian work, it is not for a moment to be supposed, that he was spending his strength for nought, or his labour for that which profiteth not. On the contrary, communications were occasionally sent to him, announcing that the tracts, or the little books, which he had distributed, were the instruments of awakening and converting souls previously dead in trespasses and sins. And when the sealed book is opened at the last day, many records, doubtless, will be found there, to demonstrate to an assembled universe, that no prayer of faith is ever lost, and that the least of all the services which Christ's disciples have rendered, have not passed away without yielding some blessed fruit.

Reader, you may feel that you are awaiting in the gifts that would fit you for rebuking open vice, or speaking a word in season to strangers that you meet with in the journey of life. But even in that

case, the door of usefulness is not shut against you. If there be any good thing in your heart at all, you can go forth, like James Nisbet, with your pockets filled with religious tracts; and if, with earnest prayer and simplicity of faith, you put them in the hands of little children, or even scatter them by the wayside, you may rest assured, that you shall in no wise either waste your substance, or lose your reward.

‘ Work while the daylight lasteth,  
Ere the shades of night come on;  
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,  
And the labourer’s work is done.

Work in the wild waste places,  
Though none thy love may own;  
God guides the down of the thistle  
The wandering wind hath sown.

Sow by the wayside gladly,  
In the damp dark caverns low,  
Where sunlight seldom reacheth,  
Nor healthful streamlets flow.

Watch not the clouds above thee,  
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;  
God may the seed-time give thee,  
But another’s hand may reap.

Have faith, though ne’er beholding  
The seed burst from its tomb;

*Distribution of Tracts.*

Thou knowest not which may perish,  
Or which be spared to bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges  
The ripen'd grain will find,  
That the Lord of the harvest coming,  
In the harvest sheaves may bind.'





## XV.

### THE FITZROY SCHOOLS.

‘Who hath despised the day of small things?’—ZECH. IV. 10.



THE Fitzroy schools were established about the beginning of this century, by a few young men, for the instruction of a limited number of poor children on the Sabbath-day. After the lapse of a short period, the carpenter's shed, which they had at first occupied in an obscure court, was found too small for the accommodation of the children. A meeting, therefore, was held, at which Drs. Waugh, Nichol, Winter, and other ministers were invited to be present, to take into consideration the propriety of providing a more convenient place of meeting. During the course of the discussion, as appears from a memorandum in Mr. Nisbet's handwriting, a penny a week subscription was proposed, and afterwards adopted by the committee, by which means larger premises

were engaged and fitted up for the reception of 300 children. In addition to the instruction imparted to them on the Sunday, they received lessons in writing and arithmetic during the course of the week; and eventually, the committee were encouraged to engage a master and mistress, under whose superintendence the children were admitted to the full advantages of a free day school. But the progress and prosperity of the institution did not terminate there. From the rapid increase in the attendance, and the liberal support obtained from many Christian friends, a larger building was purchased in Hertford Place, at an expense of £1650; and there, from year to year, the blessings of a religious education have been imparted to at least 600 children, of whom not a few have risen to the high and honourable position of ministers and of missionaries, while the great majority have joined themselves in communion with the church of Christ, and shown the advantages of early training, by the blessed fruits of a useful and godly life.

These are interesting facts. Evidently it was a day of small things when the schools were first established. At that time none of all the young men who resolved, after prayer and conference with one another, to open a little Sunday school in a shed, meanly furnished, and of small dimensions, could have formed the faintest conception of the swift progress it would make, and the grand results to

which it would lead ; yet there is something interesting and instructive in the fact, that the little Sunday school has actually passed, in the course of time, into a great educational institute, furnished with a large library of books, having also a Friendly Society for the benefit of the children in times of sickness, and giving regular instruction to vast numbers who otherwise might have been left in a state of ignorance and vice ; whilst, as appears from the Report of 1853, there have been sent out from the schools not less than fourteen thousand, fitted by Christian culture for a course of life, at once useful to others, and honourable to themselves, in the various avocations which, in the providence of God, have been opened up before them.

The success and efficiency of the Fitzroy schools have been owing, I believe, mainly to the energy and zeal of James Nisbet. At one time, most of the original supporters of the schools being removed by death, only two were left with himself for the carrying on of the work. But he continued to persevere. For the long period of forty years he acted both as treasurer and secretary, taking the liveliest interest in everything that was likely to contribute to the well-being of the children, subscribing largely to the funds that were required for the support of the schools, strengthening the hands and encouraging the hearts of the teachers by his genial presence and his fatherly



counsels, and arranging for friendly meetings with the old scholars, which were held annually, and (perhaps without a parallel in institutions of a similar kind) for a period of at least eight-and-twenty years.

The example of this devoted man teaches an impressive lesson to the teachers of Sunday schools. Your efforts may not yield the same abundant fruit, they may not be followed with the same magnificent results, and many may be the difficulties and discouragements that meet you at every step. But continue in prayer. Guard against despondency. Rely upon the faithful promises of God. Judge not of your labours by immediate results. Look far before you into the coming eternity. Work with all your might while the day lasts, and, depend upon it, you shall not be permitted to spend your strength in vain.

The seed that is sown in the autumn is not lost, though it is laid in a cold grave, and all covered up and concealed by the winter's snow. It is only preparing for the coming change; and when the spring comes round, it displays the symptoms of life, and, bursting forth in freshness and in beauty, it brings forth eventually, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundredfold.

Therefore, in circumstances the most inauspicious, be not ye backward in using the appointed means. 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening

withhold not thine hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.' And abounding in the work of the Lord, and never wearying in well-doing, in due season you shall reap if you faint not. For 'to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.'

'Ye have not sowed in vain,  
Though the heavens seem as brass,  
And piercing the crust of the burning plain,  
Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,  
And waters of life on high ;  
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green  
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?  
Then ye went not forth in vain ;  
The Sower, the Son of man, was there,  
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,  
The first sweet sign of spring,  
The first slow drops of the quickening shower  
On the dry, hard ground that ring.

But the harvest home ye'll keep,  
The summer of life ye'll share,  
When they that sow and they that reap  
Rejoice together *there*.'



## XVI.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

‘Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase.’—JOB viii. 7.

**T**O William Brodie Gurney belongs mainly, if not exclusively, the high honour of originating the Sunday School Union ; but James Nisbet, almost in the days of his boyhood, and very shortly after his arrival in London, formed one of the noble band who heartily co-operated with the founder in the establishment of an institute, than which it would be difficult to fix on any other, whether in ancient or modern times, that has acquired a wider influence, or been productive of more magnificent results.

‘On the 13th of July 1852,’ as appears from the Annual Report, ‘a meeting of the ministers, superintendents, secretaries, and representatives of schools, assembled in Surrey Chapel schoolroom, the site

where, forty-five years previously, the Union was formed. Mr. Gurney, who has filled successively the offices of secretary, treasurer, and president, the latter of which he still retains, took the chair. There were also present Mr. James Nisbet and Mr. Thomas Thompson, the only other survivors of those who took part in the proceedings of that day. It was a gratifying circumstance, and one which correctly marks the catholic character of the institution, that these three survivors of the little band, who, animated with love to the Saviour and to the souls of the young, met together on the 13th July 1803, and formed the Sunday School Union, should represent respectively three important sections of the Christian church.'

At the same jubilee meeting, the Rev. James Sherman, the successor, in Surrey Chapel, of the venerable Rowland Hill, made a striking reference to the example of Messrs. Gurney, Nisbet, and Thompson, as specially deserving of the imitation of young men. His speech, as reported in the *British Banner*, contains the following passage :—

'What a happiness it is to see three men that are here to-day ! Young men that are buckling on the harness, look at these three men. There is the chairman, who has contributed to the Queen's interest ever since he formed this society, and to your interests, by the reports of speeches which he delivers from the

House of Lords, and from the House of Commons. Look at him. Does he look as if he were worn out? He is as fresh as a daisy. And he is as ready for work now, though not quite so strong, as when, forty-nine years ago, he undertook the formation of this institution. God bless him, and spare his life for many years to come, and crown his latter days with peace and joy, and that salvation which he has attempted, under the blessing of God, to impart to the youth and children of our beloved land. Then there is my excellent friend Mr. Nisbet. Does he look worn out? Why, he is as strong as any good Scotchman in England, and he has maintained that excellent character of a Scotchman—when he once comes to England he never likes to go back again. For all these years he has been labouring in this good cause, and he stands there as a monument of God's mercy,—in the preservation of the piety which first helped him in forming this society, and in the relation in which he has stood against the errors of the age, endeavouring to circulate truth in a literary, in an evangelical, and, I believe, in a prosperous manner. Then there is our excellent friend Mr. Thompson. If you measure his girth, you would not think he was any the worse for his age. He looks well. Now, here are three men who, by the providence of God, assisted in the formation of this institution; and they tell me—they tell all young

men—that the way to live long and live happily, is to work hard, and to work for God. I rejoice greatly to see that the threefold cord has never been broken ; that there has been no dissensions among them, no want of harmony, and joy, and peace, in the company of each other, and in the great cause which has bound them all together. God grant that you and I may take an example from these men, to know and feel that the way to be happy in our own souls, is to do good to other persons, and train a coming age to be better than ourselves.’

Mr. Nisbet, on being asked to second the resolution, which had been moved by Mr. Sherman, spoke as follows :—

‘ It would ill become me to take up the time of this conference by making a speech. I have been a bit of a working man all my life, but a speechifying man I never was. I well remember the formation of this society, and being brought into the room, then a very bashful young man. At that period there was great and general ignorance of the best method of teaching children in Sunday schools, and it is not surprising, therefore, that I shared in it. We hardly knew how to begin to teach them A B C. There was no order or regularity in the schools, and there were hardly any teachers. Yet we did not despair of improvement, because we did not shrink from work ; and I believe that I have been much profited

in every way by the attempt which I made to teach others. Those that water others, as the Bible says, shall be watered themselves. I crossed the Tweed with a staff in my hand, and God has been pleased to bless my efforts in a variety of ways. Our friend Mr. Sherman has spoken of my prosperity ; but I think that, when I am gone, people will wonder that I have left so little behind me. I have endeavoured to use that which I have in the providence of God obtained, for the promotion of His cause and glory in the world. I have, as far as I could, after due consideration of the claims of those dependent upon me, determined to be my own executor. I stand here to-night as a Sabbath-school teacher. I have been a publisher now for five-and-forty years, and I know that the wants of the age, in respect to books, are not now the same as when I began business. Our old friend John Campbell's "Penny Magazine," and other works, and "Worlds Displayed," were the sort of books in use then ; and although I had not felt the power of the truth on my own heart, yet I took particular care to read all the little books before I put them into the hands of the children. This was the plan which was then adopted by all the teachers. This is impossible, perhaps, now there is such a great variety of works published for children ; but I fear that there is a danger sometimes, in the present day, of putting into the hands of the children, even in

Sunday schools, some productions which it were better that they should not read. I will give you an instance of the plan which many Sunday-school teachers of fifty years ago adopted, in order that they might be able to meet their classes on the Sabbath in a proper and efficient manner. I used to rise at four o'clock to study the chapters which had been appointed as the lessons for the next Sabbath in the school, lest I should be asked a question by any scholar that I could not readily answer. I would advise all our teachers of the present day to do the same. I am conscious that I derived a great deal of the knowledge which I now possess by this means. I used also to get Matthew Henry's Commentary, and read over all his remarks on the chapters to be explained in the class ; but even then I found that the boys would ask questions which I could not very well answer. I was always delighted with the work of Sabbath-school instruction, and never got weary of it. My own soul was, as I have said, often refreshed by it. But I have not of late years been able to take such an active part in Sabbath-school teaching as I should have done, had I not been called away to attend other duties. But for your encouragement who are still actively engaged in this grand and blessed work, I may say that, as a Sabbath-school teacher, I spent some of the most happy hours that I ever enjoyed. There were in our schools, doubtless,



some who were strangers to the converting grace of God ; but I recollect that we were very particular indeed to obtain those teachers who manifested the graces of the Spirit. We had no superintendent then, as we have now ; but we all took the duties of that office in turn, and opened and closed the school. In some of the schools there were three distinct services. I have had the happiness of knowing that I did not work in vain, and without success. Two of my beloved school scholars are now grandmothers, and both their children and their children's children are engaged in the Sabbath school. I rejoice exceedingly, dear friends, in being permitted to be present here this evening. I thank God that He has spared me to see this day ; and I pray most sincerely and devoutly, that God may abundantly bless your efforts in this cause, even more so than He did ours at the beginning. I recommend all you young men to be at your work in the morning. I was one of those people who attended the breakfast meetings of the Union, and I never lost my breakfast, as it seems some did, from being late. I was always in good time. I must, in conclusion, beg of you to pardon these rambling remarks. I told you at the beginning, that I had never been accustomed to public speaking, and I had no idea, when I left home to come to this place, that I should be called upon to say anything ; and I expected, moreover, to see only a snug little

meeting, but it turns out to be both large and influential. May God bless you all, and abundantly prosper the enterprise.'

Here, I trust, it will not be reckoned out of place to state a few facts, for which I am indebted to 'Watson's History of the Union,' a work which, while specially deserving of the attention of all Sabbath-school teachers, shows very impressively the vast results which the Sunday School Union has been instrumental in achieving :—

1. It has greatly aided in the extension of Sunday schools ; nearly two millions and a half of the rising generation of our own land enjoying the benefit of religious instruction, under the care of two hundred and fifty thousand gratuitous teachers.

2. It has led to the establishment of similar unions in various districts, not only of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, but in Asia, Africa, Australia, America, and the continent of Europe.

3. It has assisted in the erection of new school-rooms ; grants for that, and other purposes connected with the interests of Sunday schools, having been made, between 1831 and 1853, to the extent of £28,704, 2s. 7d.

4. It has opened the schools to infants, and delivered the younger scholars from the drudgery formerly attendant upon elementary classes.

5. It has succeeded in procuring Bibles for Sunday

scholars at the lowest rate at which they can be prepared.

6. It has established the principle of uniformity in teaching,—seventeen thousand copies of the ‘Notes on Scripture Lessons’ alone being issued monthly by the Union.

7. It has contributed to the circulation of lending libraries suitable for the young, the number up to March 1853 being 2750, the value of which at the publication prices was estimated at £16,762; and, moreover, it has originated various useful periodicals, such as the ‘Youth’s Magazine,’ the ‘Penny Magazine for Children,’ the ‘Bible Class Magazine,’ the ‘Child’s Own Magazine,’ the ‘Union Hymn Book,’ the ‘Sunday School Repository,’ and many others.

8. It has provided a library of reference and circulation, comprising about 3000 volumes, specially designed for the benefit and instruction of teachers; and opened a depository for the sale of books suitable for Sunday schools, the number sold from 17th April 1823 to 9th April 1824 amounting to 578,685.

9. It has been of signal service in opposing the opening of the Post-Office, the British Museum, the Crystal Palace, and other places of amusement on the Lord’s day, and has been instrumental in devising measures for the erection of Exeter Hall, so well known as the headquarters of the great religious institutions of the country.

As showing how the Sunday School Union has spread its beneficial influences abroad, you may take the following as one only out of the innumerable instances which have been communicated to the committee :—

‘In the year 1851, three pious young men, natives of Sweden, visited England, and had an opportunity of seeing the Wesleyan Sunday schools at Westminster. They were deeply interested, and were urged by the Rev. G. Scott to endeavour to introduce the system into their native country. The following is an extract from a letter, written by one of them :—

“The Sunday school I saw in London, at your chapel in Westminster, I could not forget; and to introduce similar institutions here was much on my heart, and I felt deeply your solemn injunction that I should make the attempt. But to begin a new thing, you know, is not easy in Sweden. I wrote, however, an article in the periodical called the ‘Evangelist,’ entitled ‘Reminiscences of a Journey to London, with especial reference to Sabbath Schools.’ A number of copies were thrown off in a separate form, and widely circulated. I described, as well as I could, what I had witnessed and had learned as to the results of Sunday-school efforts, and urged upon Swedish Christians the duty of doing something in our land in this cause. Many, I have reason to

know, approved of my recommendations, though few, as yet, have entered practically on the work. Placed as I am in a public educational institute, I did not at first see my way clear to invite other children than those placed under my care ; and with reference to them, I had daily opportunities of teaching them the way of salvation. At length, however, I felt the unreasonableness of urging upon others what I made no attempt to effect myself, and resolved to make a trial. On Christmas eve, instead of inviting, as usual, my relatives, I went round the district where I live and have a charge, and invited all the poor children to come and spend the festive season with me. At five o'clock about twenty-six willingly assembled. I treated them with coffee, and read with them the Evangelist Luke's account of our Saviour's birth, explaining it to them in simple language ; we then sung several Christmas hymns, accompanied on the piano. After a slight repast and prayer, at eight they departed, each receiving a little book, as a Christmas gift. When ready to go, I asked if they would like to come every Sabbath afternoon, to read in the Bible, and hear it explained, and all responded with a hearty 'Yes.' Next Sabbath twenty came, and from that day we have had a Sunday school even in Sweden. Our friend, the Rev. M. Wiberg, A.M., has opened a school also, and several brothers and sisters in the Lord assist him. At first my wife and myself were

alone in **ours** ; but the number soon increased to fifty, and my mother-in-law, another schoolmaster, and other **Christians** came to our aid. We are happy in this **work**, and pray and hope that the good seed we sow may take root and bear fruit.”

‘ Though feeble be the early light,  
When first it breaks the gloom of night,  
With joy the traveller hails the ray,  
The harbinger of coming day.

How narrow are the separate rills,  
That spring from Ethiopian hills !  
But broad and deep the waters flow,  
Which their united streams bestow.

The desert, sown in former years,  
A noble forest now appears ;  
Diminutive the seed may be,  
Yet how majestic is the tree !

Thus few and feeble were the band  
Who first our holy union plann’d ;  
Its influence now through earth extends,  
And distant nations are its friends.

For this, O Lord, Thy name we praise,  
This day our cheerful song we raise ;  
Let us enjoy Thy presence still,  
And give us grace to do Thy will.’

The foregoing facts and statements are exceedingly valuable in themselves, but they give no adequate

conception of the grand results. The lessons that have been taught, the books that have been read, the prayers that have been offered, the sums that have been expended, and the children that have been instructed in the various unions that are now in active operation, are beyond all computation ; and the means already used, or at present using, have not reached their final termination. We can trace their progress in the days that are gone by, and we marvel exceedingly at what has been actually achieved. But they are now working, and in all probability will continue to work, with undiminished and accelerating power in the generations that are yet coming, passing down with their benignant influences through the course of all time, providing nurseries for the church of Christ throughout all lands, and even carrying their issues into the infinitudes of the great eternity. And the point which fastens itself on the mind, and which teaches the most encouraging lesson is this, that the vast results, so serviceable to the church, and so glorifying to its great Head, are all to be traced back to a purpose which had its birthplace in the heart of one isolated individual, but divulged and carried into effect through the instrumentality of a few young men, meeting together for friendly converse in the little schoolroom connected with Surrey Chapel, more than sixty years ago. The originators of this grand movement have almost without exception

passed away. Little more than their names are left behind them. But blessed are the dead that have lived and died in the Lord. From henceforth they rest from their labours. But their works follow them; and in their works going on and never ending, they are reaping the fruits of a great harvest, and earning even upon earth the renown of immortality.

‘He who would endless glory reap,  
Must here the word of patience keep,—  
That word which gives the eye to see  
The glorious harvest yet to be.  
The husbandman his seed who sows,  
Must wait with patience while it grows;  
And he who would the oak uprear,  
Must cherish hope from year to year.

The architect who lays the while  
The basement of a lofty pile,  
By slow laborious toil alone  
Can reach the turret’s topmost stone.  
Nor must the Christian hope too soon,  
Faith’s more sublime immortal boon:  
None win by slight or brief emprise  
The rich reversion of the skies.

Meek pilgrim Zionward! if thou  
Hast put thy hand unto the plough,  
Oh, look not back, nor droop dismayed  
At thought of victory delayed.  
Doubt not that thou in season due  
Shall own His gracious promise true;  
And thou shalt share their glorious lot  
Whom doing well hath wearied not.’





## XVII.

### AN UNFOUNDED REPORT.

‘He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed,  
trusting in the Lord.’—Ps. cxii. 7.

**I**N spite of his antipathy to Popery, and his strong attachment to Protestantism, Mr. Nisbet was somewhat startled and annoyed by a report, which obtained for the time a wide and rapid circulation. The report originated in a mere mistake, and soon met with a complete contradiction. But the letter in regard to it, which he received from his warm-hearted friend, Joseph Wolff, is so characteristic, that I take the liberty of quoting a brief extract:—

‘ISLE BREWERS, SOMERSETSHIRE,  
*August 30, 1847.*

‘Messrs. Nisbet and Murray.

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—I write to you, I can

assure you, in the greatest excitement, and in a state of consternation and sorrow, and the cause of that state of mind is none else but yourselves, my dear friends. I, a few days ago, read in the *Morning Post*, that an eminent and successful bookseller had entered the Church of Rome. I thought that that bookseller must be one of the Tractarian party, when, to my utter astonishment, I heard whispered that that bookseller was nobody else but Mr James Nisbet, his whole family, and my old friend Mr. Murray, with the observation, "One extreme leads to the other extreme." Now, having known you for these twenty-five years as sober-minded members of the Kirk of Scotland, I cannot conceive what may have induced you to embrace the tenets of the Church of Rome; for I, having been a pupil of the Propaganda, know that true Romanism is as different from the amiable spirit of Fenelon, whose writings may perhaps have misled you, as black is from white. If you like, I am quite ready to come to London to talk over the whole matter with you. My dear Nisbet and Murray, what could induce you to do such a spite to your John Knox, Chalmers, and Gordon, and join with a rotten church? Nobody is more impartial in acknowledging the good things still to be found in the Church of Rome than myself, yet I rather would see the Pope and all his cardinals fly into the moon than become a Papist again.

In fact, I never was one.—Your affectionate but  
deeply afflicted brother,

‘JOSEPH WOLFF.’

‘They in the Lord that firmly trust  
Shall be like Sion hill,  
Which at no time can be removed,  
But standeth ever still.

As round about Jerusalem  
The mountains stand alway,  
The Lord His folk doth compass so,  
From henceforth and for aye.

For ill men’s rod upon the lot  
Of just men shall not lie,  
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands  
Unto iniquity.’





## XVIII.

### BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

‘The house of the righteous shall stand.’—PROV. XII. 7.

**T**HERE are some men who, while scrupulously observant of all the outward forms of religion, are yet notorious, in their business transactions, for acts of meanness and of selfishness not less discreditable to themselves than inconsistent with the profession which they make. It was otherwise with James Nisbet. His religion was as apparent in the counting-house as it was in the sanctuary. While he made it a matter of conscience to exclude from his stock every book which was not of a moral or religious character, he was distinguished, in his dealings with the authors of publications of which he thoroughly approved, by the exhibition of more than ordinary kindness and liberality. He was not satisfied with purchasing the copyrights on terms highly advan-

tageous to the parties who disposed of them ; but when the sales were larger than he at first anticipated, instead of retaining the entire profits to himself, which, of course, he was legally entitled to do, he was in the habit, from time to time, of making the most liberal advances, and thus, after the transactions seemed to be closed, many an author was made to share unexpectedly in the riches of his liberality. One estimable man, whose praise is in all the churches, and whose admirable works have met deservedly with a wide circulation, felt himself constrained to adopt the somewhat unusual course of putting a curb on his publisher's generosity. His notes upon the subject are exceedingly creditable to himself, and I hope I may be excused if I venture to quote a few sentences :—

‘ I shall agree to accept a hundred guineas, but no more. . . . I had no reason to expect anything for this book. You remember our conversation about the price of it. Then I do not think you can afford it. Should there ever be so much profit on it, I shall be very glad. You have taken such pains with my little productions, and given such a quantity away, that I should be very glad if this one brought in a few pounds' profit to the good old house of James Nisbet and Co. They will do good with the money. But I should be very unhappy in accepting a sum which made this impossible. I remember

writing the same way about the tracts, and you gave the money in my name to different objects. But, for the reason now stated, I do not wish this either. I deeply feel the generosity and personal kindness which have prompted you and your worthy partners to make such an offer; but the half of it is all that I can take. It will defray the journey I am now about to take, and will be as seasonable, as more would be oppressive. Now, my dear friend, I hope you understand the business part of this letter, and that you will make me happy by letting me have my own way for once.'

Alongside of this characteristic note, let me give the testimony of another witness:—'As it is an honour and a privilege to minister to the household of faith, so it is a comfort and satisfaction to deal with the members of it. It is just thirty-seven years since, in the providence of God, I first became acquainted with dear Mr. Nisbet. Just after I married, I took a house in Alfred Place, within a few doors of Haldane Stewart; and soon after I got there, I wandered in company with my dear wife, and Helen Plumptre, to Mr. Nisbet's shop in Castle Street. Among other things, I have a distinct recollection of his having taken us into his back parlour, and introduced us to Mr. Knill, who had lately returned from India, and was on the point of proceeding to St. Petersburg. This reminds me how given to hospitality dear Nisbet was, especially to missionaries and

their families. I always admired this trait in his character—blessed fruit of the Spirit! And as our God has said, “He that honoureth Me I will honour;” and the dear man was enabled to honour the Lord with his substance, and all that he had; so the Lord, in a variety of ways, put great honour upon him. To Him be all the praise. I have no doubt the providential circumstance of our feet being directed to Castle Street, and to its ending in Miss Plumptre, two years after, sending the first volume of the “Scripture Stories” to be published, was the means of giving our dear friend a considerable lift in the world. And never did the dear man cease to talk of it, and, while grateful to the instrument, ascribed all to the good hand of God. Nothing ever struck me of my dear friend’s more, than his very grateful remembrance of any little favour or benefit conferred upon him. And I am sure, he and Mrs. Nisbet took every occasion of practically showing their sense of it. How often did I and my family, especially my two eldest sons, on their way to school at Iver, experience their kind hospitality! I do reckon it among my mercies that I ever knew dear Mr. Nisbet, and I shall ever entertain a grateful recollection of him. I am sure his life and conduct preached many a sermon to me. I long to have a picture of him over my chimney-piece.’

I presume that communications of this character,

so honourable to both parties, are but seldom to be met with in the business transactions of any mercantile firm. It is refreshing and instructive to meet with them even occasionally. And I cannot help thinking that, if they indicated the rule, rather than the exception, there would be much more of the blessing which maketh rich, and which addeth no sorrow, and a great deal less of the disaster and the bankruptcy with which, at the present day, and even in the case of houses of long standing, the commercial world is so often startled and disturbed.

I am not aware that, in the course of his business transactions, James Nisbet ever met with any very serious losses. There was one debt, however, amounting to a considerable sum, which he himself had reckoned to be a bad one. But, contrary to his own expectation, the debt was eventually recovered. He did not, however, spend it on himself, or his family, but laid it out in the purchase of plate, which he presented to the church in Regent Square. I need scarcely say that the gift was graciously accepted, and the acknowledgment of the kirk-session is, I think, deserving of a place in this record :—

‘To Mr. James Nisbet, elder of the National Scotch Church, London, and to Mrs. Nisbet, his wife, a member of the same church.—Dearly beloved brother and sister, we, the kirk-session of the National Scotch Church, have this day received a



very valuable set of communion vessels, consisting of eight cups, two flagons, and two plates, as an offering out of your substance unto the church of Christ under our care. We accept them in the name of the whole church, and do tender unto you our thanks, and the thanks of the whole church, for the same; and we shall take order, that this your deed of love, and act of bounty, be written in the books of the church, and go down to our children for a memorial. We can wish no better wish for the flock committed to us, than that they may be filled with the like spirit, and abound in the same liberality, to the honour of God, in which ye, the heads of your house, have so greatly abounded. Our prayer is, that you may increase in the gift of God, and that you may transmit it to your children, and your children's children. May the Lord have you in His holy keeping. Farewell.

'From your faithful brethren in the Lord.—Edward Irving, *Minister of the National Scotch Church*; William Dinwiddie, senior, *Elder*; Archibald Horn, *Elder*; D. M'Kenzie, *Elder*; Andrew Panton, *Elder*; William Hamilton, *Elder*; David Blyth, *Elder*; Charles Vertue, *Deacon*; Alexander Gillespie, junior, *Deacon*; John Thomson, *Deacon*; J. Henderson, *Deacon*; Thomas Carswell, *Deacon*; David Ker, *Deacon*.

NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH,  
*May 5, 1828.*

'He liveth long who liveth well,  
All other life is short and vain ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well,  
All else is being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him,  
Who freely gave it, freely give ;  
Else is that being but a dream—  
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.'





## XIX.

### OFFICIAL SITUATIONS.

‘ Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’

—ROM. XII. 11.

**A**S illustrative of the variety and multiplicity of Mr. Nisbet’s labours for the benefit of other men, let me here specify the offices to which he was elected, and the duties of which he regularly and faithfully performed.

He was Secretary of the Swallow Street Scotch Church Auxiliary in aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; Secretary of the West London Auxiliary in aid of the Missionary Society ; Secretary and Treasurer of the Fitzroy Schools ; Director of the Sailors’ Home, London Docks ; President and Trustee of the Booksellers’ Provident Institution ; Life Governor of the Orphan Working School, City Road ; Director and Steward of the Corresponding Board in London of the Royal Highland School Society ; Mem-

ber of the General, the Finance, the Election, and the House Committees of the Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill ; Trustee, Elder, and Member of the Building Committee of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square ; Director and Auditor of the Society for erecting and maintaining Exeter Hall ; Trustee and Member of the Board of Management of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution ; Director of the Christian Mutual Provident Society ; Member of the General Committee of the British and Foreign School Society ; Trustee and Manager of St. Pancras, St. Marylebone, and North-West London Provident Institution ; Trustee of the Times Life Assurance and Guarantee Company ; Member of the Board of Management of the London Orphan Asylum ; Member of Committee of the Union Society's Schools, New Road ; Director of the Destitute Sailors' Asylum, Wells Street ; Member and Auditor of the London Annuity Society ; Manager of the National Security Savings Bank, Kelso ; Governor and Member of the Weekly Board of Middlesex Hospital ; Member of Board of Management for the Commercial Travellers' Schools, Wanstead ; Member of Committee of the Scottish Hospital ; Member of Committee of Management for the Kinloch Bequest ; Member of Committee for promoting the wellbeing of Fugitive Slaves in Canada ; Member of Committee for the Erection of a Monument in memory of Sir Andrew

Agnew, Bart.; Treasurer in London for the General Assembly's Schemes for Church Extension in Scotland; Treasurer for the Foreign and Jewish Missions of the Presbyterian Church in England; Vice-President of the London Presbyterian Church Extension Society; Treasurer in London for the Church of Scotland's Foreign Missions; Treasurer to the Association in aid of the Free Church of Scotland's Foreign Missions; General Treasurer of the London Lay Union; Agent for the Circulation in London of the Communications of the Free Church of Scotland; Chairman of the Meeting for providing Sabbath Services in Exeter Hall during the Exhibition of 1851; Member of Committee of the Caledonian Asylum; Member of Committee of the Marylebone Savings Bank; Member of Committee for the Hospital for Women, Soho Square; Member of the Wodrow Society; Honorary Secretary of the Committee for Relief of Highland Destitution; Chairman of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat.

It appears, moreover, from the subscriptions which he gave, and the meetings he attended, that he had some kind of connection with the New Asylum for Fatherless Children; the Society for the Sons of Deceased Missionaries; the Servants' School, New Ormond Street; the Hanway Lunatic Asylum; the Milton Club; the Boys' Refuge, Whitechapel; the Royal Naval Female School, Richmond; the Lon-

don City Mission ; the Orphan Asylum, Clapton ; the Chinese Evangelical Society ; the Irish Church Mission ; the Religious Tract Society ; and the Sunday School Union.

It is remarkable, that while everything in his own place of business was conducted with the utmost promptitude and despatch, he was able to take a more than ordinary share in the work of so many religious and charitable societies. The institutions in which he took the liveliest interest, such as the Orphan Schools, Middlesex Hospital, the Sailors' Home, and others of a similar description, had their committee meetings at least once a week. But nothing but illness or absence from home could prevent him from appearing in his accustomed place, and labouring for the furtherance of their best interests, not by fits and starts, but week after week, in regular and unbroken succession, from the commencement of the year to its very close.

‘ Death worketh,  
Let me work too ;  
Death undoeth,  
Let me do.  
Busy as death my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,  
Let me work too ;

*Official Situations.*

Time undoeth,  
Let me do.  
Busy as time my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,  
Let me work too ;  
Sin undoeth,  
Let me do.  
Busy as sin my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.





## XX.

### CHOLERA IN MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

‘Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,  
and from the noisome pestilence.’—Ps. xci. 3.

**I**N September 1854, the cholera broke out with considerable virulence in the neighbourhood of Middlesex Hospital. During the course of the same month one hundred and ninety-one cases were admitted into the establishment ; and out of that number, one hundred and ten terminated fatally. Under this trying emergency, the chairman of the committee happened to be absent on a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and, in the circumstances, it devolved upon Mr. Nisbet to undertake the responsibility, and to adopt whatever measures were necessary in the way of meeting that most calamitous visitation.

But he was not awanting in the energy and decision that were needed. With indomitable courage, and in



strong reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, he entered nobly on the path that was opened up before him, and putting away all fear of danger either to himself or his family, he was found day after day at the post of incumbent duty, not only adopting all legitimate means for checking the progress of the disease, and mitigating the physical sufferings of the patients, but administering to them, by means of his counsels and his prayers, the sweet and precious consolations of our holy religion.

He received, as might have been expected, the warmest thanks of the chairman for the succinct account he had given of the calamity, and for the prompt and energetic measures he had adopted with so much credit to the Hospital, and with the best success to the sufferers. But in his reply he ignores all reference to anything which had been done by himself; and with the unselfishness, the kindly feeling, and the generosity which marked his conduct in almost everything that he did, he embraces the opportunity of saying: 'From personal observation, I am truly thankful to bear my humble testimony to the great exertions made by every one connected with the establishment during the whole time of the awful visitation that has befallen our neighbourhood. Every one seemed to vie with another in anxiety to render all needful assistance, even in the most painful and distressing circumstances. To the matron we owe

much for the kind and considerate care by which the nurses were preserved in health, and thus enabled to render most essential aid to the suffering patients. It is perhaps hardly proper to single out one, when all did their duty so well ; still I cannot help noticing the alacrity and the cheerfulness with which Mr. Sedley attended to the respective duties devolving on him in the absence of his superior. Trusting that you will excuse these remarks, and praying that this awful visitation may be abundantly sanctified to us all, I remain,' etc.

I have a strong impression, that the diligence and promptitude which, on this occasion, were evinced by the officials of the establishment, were owing in no small degree to the countenance and encouragement which they received from James Nisbet; and I think that I cannot better enforce the lesson to be learned from this passage in his history than by quoting a few stanzas from the ode of James Montgomery, so distinguished for its tenderness and its power :—

‘A poor wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me in my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer, “Nay.”  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came;  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He entered. Not a word he spake,  
 Just perishing for want of bread.

I gave him all: he blest it, brake,  
 And ate; but gave me part again.  
 Mine was an angel's portion then;  
 For while I fed with eager haste,  
 That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
 Clear from the rock. His strength was gone.  
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;  
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
 I ran to raise the sufferer up.  
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
 Dipt, and returned it running o'er;  
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway side;  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed.  
 I had myself a wound concealed,  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

Then in a moment to my view  
 The stranger darted from disguise;  
 The tokens in His hands I knew—  
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes.  
 He spake, and my poor name He named:  
 Of me thou hast not been ashamed,  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,  
 Fear not, thou did'st them unto me.'



## XXI.

### VISIT TO TOLLYMORE PARK.

‘Yea, brother, let me have joy of thee in the Lord.’—  
PHIL. I. 20.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING of the humble position which James Nisbet occupied as a mere shopkeeper, so high was the estimation in which he was held as a philanthropist and a Christian, that he was occasionally honoured by pressing invitations from families in the highest ranks of life, to visit them in their country seats.

Though certainly gratified by such marks of kindness and respect, he was very backward in accepting of such invitations, being thoroughly convinced that his personal comfort, and his power of usefulness, would be more effectually promoted by confining himself to the sphere of life which the providence of God had assigned to him. It was not, therefore, from any want of respect for their high rank, or their Christian worth, but from a feeling of

propriety very creditable to himself, that he felt unwilling to share in the hospitality of personages whom he highly esteemed, such as the late Duchess of Gordon, the Marchioness of Cholmondely, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Panmure, and Robert Ramsden, Esq., of Carlton Hall. But there was one nobleman—the Earl of Roden—whose invitation was so urgent, that, along with his dear friend Dr. Malan of Geneva, he left other pressing engagements, and went all the way to Ireland to visit him; and the visit was not only the source of high enjoyment, but of much refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

He was deeply and profoundly impressed with the daily habits, the good works, and the genial fellowship of this illustrious nobleman, in whose ancestral halls he found something, for the time being, like the home of a father. And in writing to an old and valued friend, he takes occasion to say: ‘The more that I see of this dear family, the more I have reason to rejoice. Oh that what I have heard and seen here may be the means of strengthening and encouraging me in the good ways of the Lord! Oh! what a blessed thing it is to be a Christian; and when nobility is thus adorned, how amiable! Unite with me in praying that God would indeed uphold and strengthen the hands of His servant in this happy, because holy family. When his lordship came first here to reside, four years ago, he

found but one Christian ; now he has a host, to whom his ministrations have been blessed. I think there is a text which says, "Strengthen those women that laboured with us in the gospel." Now, my dear brother, how is it that you stand all the day idle? Are there no women in dear Kelso whose hands want strengthening? Are there no ignorant children needing to be instructed?—no sick persons in want of some kind friend to read the word of God to them, and tell of the love of Jesus to poor sinners? My dear friend, look inward, look upward, and resolve, in the strength of the Lord, that as for others, whatever they say or do, as for you, you will serve the Lord, through evil as well as good report. Why should you be thus backward? I wish you were with me here. While highly honoured for our blessed Lord's sake, do not think I am lifted up. I am rather humbled. My visit has been of the most delightful kind, and if spared to reach home, I trust God will enable me to be more alive to His blessed service, and give me grace to be more humble, and to abound more and more in every good work. It is now a month since I left London, and the Lord has blessed me with excellent health and strength.

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far His power prolongs my days,  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace."

I have no room for more. My soul is filled with delight and gratitude to God. Now, may the love of God the Father, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ the Son, and the comfortable fellowship of the Holy Spirit abide with you now and for ever.'

The lesson which I draw from this little episode in the life of James Nisbet, is suggested by the declarations of God's own word. It is this: 'Him that honoureth Me I will honour; and to him that has grace, and who diligently improves it, more grace shall be given.'

'Our earthly ties are weak,  
Whereon we dare not rest;  
For time dissolves, and death will break,  
The sweetest and the best.  
Yet there's a tie which must remain,  
Which time and death assault in vain.

The kindred links of life are bright,  
Yet not so bright as those  
In which Christ's favoured friends unite,  
And each on each repose.  
And oh! how sweet wherein each mind  
A throb to echo theirs they find!

Their bond is not an earthly love,  
By nature's fondness nursed:  
As they love Him who reigns above,  
Because He loved them first;  
So they all minor ties disown,  
The sweetest—for His sake alone.'



## XXII.

### ECCLESIASTICAL DUTIES.

‘ Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek  
thy good.’—Ps. cxxii. 9.



**M**R. NISBET was not only regular and exemplary in his attendance on the Sabbath services of the sanctuary, and at the weekly meetings for prayer ; but, in spite of the multiplicity of his secular engagements, he was seldom absent from the stated meetings of the kirk-session, the presbytery, and the synod. And his attendance was not a matter of mere formality. Any service which he could give was willingly rendered, and he never hesitated to take a more than ordinary share of the work. At different times he acted as a member of the kirk-sessions of Chelsea, Greenwich, Woolwich, and other churches in the Presbytery of London ; and, both by his counsels and his liberality, was signally instrumental in forwarding their inte-



rests, and relieving them from their difficulties. In 1847 he was sent by the authority of the synod to visit some of the churches, such as Etal, Crookham, Berwick, Tweedmouth, Ancroft-Moor, Belford, Sunderland, and Norham; and the following memorandum, which he seems to have written for his own guidance, shows how fully and faithfully he devoted himself to the discharge of this important duty :—

‘ I. *Purposes*.—Visit the churches, that is, the ministers, elders, deacons, people; make their acquaintance; consult with them as to the best means of promoting the efficiency of a Christian church.

II. *Schemes*.—Synod fund to assist ministers and country elders in travelling to and from the synod. School fund to assist in establishing and maintaining schools for the children of our people, and others willing to take advantage of them; the form of sound words taught. Home Mission for assisting weak congregations, aiding aged and infirm ministers, and extending the means of grace by the opening of new stations. College: all-important for training young men for the ministry; competent professors of known ability and piety absolutely necessary. Foreign Missions: China, Corfu. “Presbyterian Messenger;” intelligence; wider circulation.

III. *Duties*.—Capabilities, not yet alive to. Duty of upholding the ministry by prayer, regular attendance on ordinances, pecuniary support. “Ye are not your

own;" bought with a price, even the blood of God's dear Son. See the zeal and devotedness of worldly men. Let them admonish you. Love one another, and provoke to good works. Love the house of God, the Sabbath of God, the people of God. Be consistent. Mind not your own things only, but also those of others. Sabbath-school teachers, tract distributors, district visitors, "Up and at it, all at it, and always at it."

While taking a lively interest in everything relating to the Presbyterian Church in England, he was not unfrequently sent as a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, entering heartily into all its proceedings, and contributing largely to the erection of not a few of its churches, and manses, and schools. Long anterior to the Disruption, special reference was made from the moderator's chair to the signal services he had rendered to the Establishment in connection with the Church Extension Scheme; and during the conflict which led to the dismemberment of the Church of Scotland, the correspondence which he carried on with Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Muir, Dr. Malan, Sir George Sinclair, the Marquis of Breadalbane, and other eminent and influential men, shows very conclusively how correct was the estimate which he formed of the great principles for which the church was contending, and how thoroughly

alive he was to everything relating to its purity, and freedom, and efficiency. In some quarters his ardent zeal for the protection of the church's liberties, and his stern opposition to the temporizing policy which some simple-minded and vacillating men were so anxious to recommend, may have excluded him from the fellowship of friends with whom in former days he had been brought into close intercourse, and whom he highly venerated and esteemed. But the loss of their friendship was more than made up by the letters, the cordial sympathy, and the warm love which he received from others, and more especially from one, illustrious and pre-eminent as the founder of the Free Church of Scotland, the late Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

In connection with the business of the church, extract minutes, containing the warmest expressions of gratitude and esteem, were sent to him at different times. From the records of the Kirk-Session of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, Edward Irving, minister, May 5, 1828. From the Building Committee of the National Scotch Church, William Hamilton, secretary, December 5, 1828. From the Trustees of the North Parish Church, Kelso, John Henderson, preses, May 3, 1836. From the Church Building Committee at Kirkwall, Robert Watson, secretary, May 2, 1837. From the Kirk-Session of the National Scotch Church, James Darling, session-

clerk, January 7, 1839. From the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, Thomas Pitcairn, clerk, Inverness, August 25, 1845. From the Kirk-Session of Regent Square Church, H. M. Matheson, session-clerk, July 2, 1849, and July 10, 1851. And from the Free Church congregation of Newcastleton, Alexander Thain, chairman, June 20, 1853.

‘Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent,  
Thy joy to do thy Father’s will :  
It is the way the Master went ;  
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on while it is day,  
The world’s dark night is hastening on ;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,  
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time’s thickest gloom.’





### XXIII.

#### CASE OF EDWARD IRVING.

‘Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.’—1 THESS.  
V. 21.

**T**HE affection which James Nisbet entertained for Edward Irving was very remarkable. Perhaps there was no one, apart from his own family, so enshrined in the warmest affections of his heart. Even after he was separated from his fellowship, he could not speak of him without betraying those strong emotions which choked his utterance, and turned his eyes into a fountain of tears.

And, considering the unbounded admiration which he had for his personal character, and the close and confidential intercourse to which it was his privilege to be admitted, it would not, perhaps, have been surprising, if a man of his emotional temperament had closely followed the footsteps of his pastor, and been thereby

led astray. But strong as was his love for the man, his love for what he deemed to be the truth was stronger still. He could not tolerate the least departure from the standards and the constitution of the church, which he had solemnly sworn to maintain; nor any deviation, however slight, from the old paths, of which Dr. Chalmers had discoursed so eloquently at the opening of the church in Regent Square. Though the taking of any step, however accordant with his own convictions of duty, which threatened to bring him into hostile collision with a man, otherwise so noble and so loving, was like the cutting off of a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye, yet he did not for a moment hesitate. Others in the kirk-session whom he highly esteemed, might be wavering and undecided. But on his part there was neither compromise nor vacillation; and from the first he protested with promptitude and decision against the novelties and the irregularities into which his beloved pastor had been so unhappily betrayed.

I have no intention of entering upon the merits of this painful controversy; but from a brief narrative written by Mr. Nisbet himself, I extract a passage, illustrative of the point to which I have adverted:—

‘Letter to J. N., from Mr. Irving, *Sept.* 27, 1831.

“MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER ELDER,—I sit down to express my love and carefulness towards

you in a few words. I have great tenderness for the scruples of a brother, on the subject of the manifestations; and while I, as a responsible man, and a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, do plainly and honestly express and maintain my own opinion, I will never thereby involve any elder, or member of my flock, in the consequences of my opinion and faith, though I may long and labour to bring them to the same; because I believe it to be both true and important. Therefore, I beseech you, not prematurely to take any measure on this account, nor hastily to decide the one way or the other, but to be open to larger and fuller manifestations. With regard to my preface to the church documents, on which I have heard you have difficulties, I have to say that every word was written with great deliberation and firm conviction, as under the eye of my Master; and therefore there is no unnecessary, much less intended, offence to any one. I am responsible for the sentiments therein expressed, and I think them conformable both to the word of God and the standards of our church. There is always a certain latitude allowed to men by every church, to consult upon the constitution, to point out deficiencies, and to suggest improvements, according to the mind and word of God. This I have very sparingly done, but never irreverently or rashly, as my conscience bears me witness. I entreat you not to be disturbed on this

subject ; for it is my book, and I am responsible for it. The proper time for an elder to entertain the thought of laying down his eldership *is*, when he *sees* the discipline of the church conducted contrary to the word of the great Head of the church, or the teaching and preaching disagreeing with the oracles of truth. What I, as a preacher, commissioned to every creature under heaven, and an instructor of the church in general, may put forth or do beyond the bounds of that jurisdiction, concerneth him not so much, unless it should affect the integrity of my character, as pastor of the flock, and head of the eldership. My very dear brother, every one knows how open I am to hear any grievance, and to listen to any counsel. Therefore, I beseech you to be confident towards me ; and when you see an infirmity, to bear and forbear with me, as I know also you do ; for great is your love towards me. I add but one word more, that I believe the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Add to your faith valour. Be not afraid at this time ; but be bold for God, and full of that wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and of good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. Wait, at all events, till after I have finished my exposition on the gifts, which I began after the sacrament on Wednesday evenings."



‘*Sept.* 28.—Delivered my sentiments to Mr. Irving fully in two hours’ conversation this morning.

‘*Oct.* 19.—Returned to town this evening, and found the church had been disturbed the preceding Sabbath.

‘*Oct.* 21.—Attended a full meeting of session this evening. Mr. Irving very decided in the expression of his views; Mr. Henderson doubtful; all the others not convinced. Upwards of four hours spent in deliberation.

‘*Oct.* 28.—Attended a meeting of session, and submitted the following resolution, which, however, was not pressed to a division, but laid on the table for further consideration :—

“ Interruptions having taken place in the public service of the church, the session feel it their duty to declare, that they will endeavour to maintain the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Scotland, as laid down in their standards, and agreeable to the true intent and meaning of the trust-deed; and therefore they cannot recognise any teacher but their own ordained pastor, who has been set over them in the Lord (not, however, to the exclusion of other ministers lawfully called), and that they cannot suffer any interruption to any of the services of the church.”

‘*Nov.* 2.—Wrote to the session as follows :—

“ DEAR BRETHREN,—As I understand that you are still determined to proceed with the administration

of the Lord's Supper next Sabbath, I beg to enter my protest against the admission of new members at a time when the church is in such a state of agitation. I do earnestly beseech you to pause before you plunge yourselves into the confusion you are likely to encounter, and, like honest men, to open your eyes to the distracted state of those who were wont to assemble on these occasions, and, at least, have some regard to order."

'*Nov.* 15.—A most disorderly and tumultuous meeting having taken place last Sabbath, and the lives of the people being in jeopardy, so that even Mr. Irving himself was terrified, and said he would not allow the spirits again to speak in the public church, I wrote to him as follows:—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—After the disgraceful proceedings of last Sabbath, I was in hopes that the session would have been called together ere this, and more especially, as the resolution which I proposed, and which now lies on the table, has not yet been disposed of. I trust the week will not pass without a meeting. I see no alternative, but that of pressing my resolution, or something to the same effect."

'To this note no answer was returned.'

I need not enlarge any farther on this subject. If I had been inclined to do so, I have not the necessary materials at my disposal. My impression is, that Mr. Irving was himself misled by the influence of others,

less honest and ingenuous than himself, rather than by any wild or wayward tendencies of his own. And if I have adverted to the subject at all, my only object is to establish this single point, that James Nisbet, in the most trying circumstances, and in spite of influences almost irresistible, was enabled, by the grace of God, to preserve his integrity, and, in his own sphere of duty, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. And his valour in this respect is all the more remarkable, because the conflict into which it led him with the noblest and most estimable of men, had well nigh broken his heart.

‘Make sure of truth,  
And truth will make thee sure;  
It will not shift, nor fade, nor die,  
But like the heavens endure.

God’s thoughts—not man’s—  
Be these thy heritage;  
They, like Himself, are ever young,  
Untouch’d by time or age.

God’s words—not man’s—  
Be these thy gems and gold;  
Be these thy never-setting stars,  
Still radiant as of old.

With God alone  
Is truth, and joy, and light:

*Case of Edward Irving.*

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Walk thou with Him in peace and love;  
Hold fast the good and right.

Man and his earth  
Are varying day by day;  
Truth cannot change, nor even grow  
Feeble, and old, and grey.





## XXIV.

### REGENT SQUARE CHURCH.

‘Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’—PS. CXXXIII. 1.

**W**HILE under the ministry of the Rev. Edward Irving, Mr. Nisbet took the liveliest interest in everything connected with the wellbeing of the congregation; and both by his munificent liberalities, and his unwearied labours, as a member of the Building Committee, he contributed in no small degree to the erection of the church, which, along with the site, cost about £21,000.

After Mr. Irving had imbibed the opinions which led to the adoption of measures which terminated in his deposition, James Nisbet, and the other members of session, who remained steady to their principles, had a much more difficult work to accomplish than that which was connected with the mere erection of the building. The congregation was reduced to a

small number. The church was encumbered with a heavy load of debt. The weekly prayer-meetings were but thinly attended. And out of the few who had adhered to their principles for a while, there were some who were ready to fall from their steadfastness, and to go away.

In these circumstances, the difficulties were almost insuperable; not only in effecting arrangements for the upholding of divine ordinances, and securing the permanent services of another pastor, duly qualified for so important a charge; but in strengthening the hands, and encouraging the hearts of the little flock who, separated from the minister whom they so greatly loved, were left to worship, with sore hearts and sad recollections, in the edifice which had lost its principal charm, and which, in spite of many strong temptations, they felt themselves unwilling to abandon.

But they continued steadfast in faith, and never ceased, amid all their discouragements and their difficulties, to ask counsel and help at the hand of the Lord; and though at times they were reduced to great straits, yet, in answer to their many prayers, they obtained the grace which put fresh courage into their hearts, and constrained them to go forward. And in process of time, after many trying vicissitudes, and under the ministry of Dr. James Hamilton, the church was at length brought into a higher state of efficiency than it ever enjoyed at any former period in its history.

When the church was thus relieved from its difficulties, and brought into a state of high prosperity, Mr. Nisbet felt much aggrieved by some contemplated arrangements, having reference to alterations in the mode of dispensing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the introduction of hymns into the service of the sanctuary, and other matters to which it is not necessary specially to refer. From his energy of character, and from long habit, he was more accustomed to lead other men, than to be led himself; and therefore, any attempt to alter, or to set aside arrangements which he had himself devised, and which he deemed to be conducive to the order and wellbeing of the church, was almost sure to meet, on his part, with a strenuous and determined resistance.

I am far from saying that, on this occasion, he did not attach to matters of mere form, involving no vital or fundamental principle, a greater importance than they were really entitled to receive. On the contrary, I cannot help thinking that, in this respect, he went very much to the extreme; and the policy which he was led to adopt, in withdrawing from the meetings of the kirk-session, and even abstaining from the ordinance of communion, while it was the source of regret to dear friends who loved and esteemed him, could scarcely fail to detract, in no small degree, from his own peace of mind, and his personal comfort.

No doubt, he was fully warranted, according to

the constitution of the church, in using his privilege as a member of the kirk-session, in vigorously protesting against any innovation, which, he feared, might be the instrument of marring the harmony of the church. When his own opinions were not deferred to, he had it in his power to relieve his conscience, by recording his dissent in the minutes ; or if he felt it to be his duty, or deemed it for edification, it was open to him to carry an appeal to the higher courts of the church. But I do not think that any difference of opinion between himself and his brethren, in regard to matters of outward form, could warrant him in coming to the deliberate resolution of withdrawing from their fellowship, and resigning the eldership, the duties of which, for a long series of years, he had been enabled to perform, to the satisfaction of his colleagues, and to the benefit of the congregation at large.

In connection with this matter, I give one of the notes, which, besides a more official one to the session, he addressed to Dr. Hamilton :—

‘ 21 BERNERS STREET,  
*June 5th, 1851.*

‘ REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your kindness in sending a deputation of such esteemed and beloved friends to deal with me was indeed great. They did their duty well and most kindly ; but, after due consideration of



all they expressed, I still think that I will best consult my own peace of mind, as well as the best interests of the church, dear to us all, by adhering to my resolution, and ceasing to be a member of the session of Regent Square Church. And with best wishes and prayers for the continued prosperity of all, and a confident hope, that though officially separated from you, I shall still have a share in your affectionate regards, and that my own feelings toward you will in no ways be altered, I remain,' etc.

Dr. Hamilton wrote in reply more than once. I cannot help quoting a few sentences from his notes:—  
'I regret very much that you find it needful to adhere to your resolution, and I am sure your decision will be deplored through the bounds of our synod. At whatever time I am to be called away, I could have wished to leave Regent Square session unbroken, except by the immediate hand of providence. It has been the privilege of few ministers to find themselves surrounded with such an eldership, and I do not like even the appearance of dismemberment. At the same time, I feel very grateful for your expressions of personal kindness. I know that they are sincere, and they are mutual. There is very much in the past which I must always hold in grateful remembrance, and it is a great comfort to know that I shall not lose a friend, if I should lose a

colleague. I need not say how happy we shall all be, when you see your way clear to return into the midst of us. Especially comforting would it be at this moment, when our strength is weakened, and our spirits are depressed by the dangerous illness of two of our number.'

I presume that one of the elders referred to in the foregoing note was William Hamilton ; and it is somewhat remarkable, and very pleasing to think, that the message, which in his dying moments he sent to Mr. Nisbet, was the instrument of leading him to resile from the somewhat rash resolution he had been led to adopt, and to which, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the dearest of his friends, he had long continued very firmly to adhere.

Mr. Hamilton's dying request was conveyed to Mr. Nisbet in the following note, written by his medical adviser, Dr. A. P. Stewart :—

' 74, GROSVENOR STREET,  
3d August 1851.

' 1.45 A.M.

' MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just returned from Woburn Square. The meek and patient sufferer entered into rest a little after 10 o'clock, and is now singing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, at the everlasting communion feast in the Father's home. I cannot there-

fore defer obedience to his dying wish, and I give you his spontaneous message in his own emphatic words, "Give my love to James Nisbet. Tell him there must be no separation." And then he repeated very earnestly, "*He must not* separate himself. It is not right for men who have fought the battle long to retire at a time like this. We must fight to the last." It is not for me, my dear Mr. Nisbet, to make any comment on an appeal so earnest, from your "brother beloved," now in glory, nor can I help regretting that it was entrusted to one so unworthy as myself—though I yield to none in the loving and reverent regard which I bear to yourself, who have established such manifold claims on my grateful affection.'

A dying request from one of the dearest of his friends, conveyed too in a note so finely expressed, and so full of tranquil power, it was scarce possible for a man of Mr. Nisbet's temperament to resist. The note came into his hands at half-past nine o'clock on Sabbath morning; and that being the day when the communion was to be celebrated, he appeared in his accustomed place, and the session having declined formally to accept of his resignation, he continued, I doubt not, greatly to his own comfort, to the satisfaction of his brethren, and to the joy of the congregation, to preserve unbroken the official relationship

in which they had been so long and so happily connected.

In some respects I have sometimes thought that James Nisbet had constitutional propensities somewhat analogous to those of Simon Peter. He was impulsive, outspoken, warm-hearted, more accustomed to lead other men than to be led himself. Peter, forgetful of his own infirmities, and confiding unduly in himself, made a sad mistake, and suffered a grievous fall. But he was restored again, and the commission which reinstated him in the office from which he had fallen, was couched in these memorable words, 'Feed my sheep'—'Feed my lambs.' And so, I think, it was with James Nisbet. He had been walking not warily or wisely, and he stumbled and fell. But he was not deposed from his office by the authority of the church, or by the sentence of its great Head. His separation from the fellowship of his brethren, and from the duties of his official position, was his own act, and I cannot doubt that it pressed very bitterly on his heart. But the counsel of a dying brother, acting upon a heart open to conviction, and full of the warmest affection, was productive of the desired result. And when his soul was restored again, he said but little to the oldest of his friends, or to the nearest of his kindred, but of his own free will resumed the position which he had abandoned for a season ; and, taking his accustomed place at the

table of the Lord, he continued henceforward, as before, to feed the Shepherd's sheep—to feed the Shepherd's lambs; and who can doubt that in returning to his holy calling, and abiding therein, he was the right man in the right place, ministering abundantly to the comfort of other men, and at the same time drawing in rich and sweet refreshment to his own soul.

' I love the Lord, because my voice  
And prayers he did hear,  
I, while I live, will call on Him,  
Who bow'd to me His ear.

I'll of salvation take the cup,  
On God's name will I call:  
I'll pay my vows *now* to the Lord  
Before His people all.

Dear in God's sight is His saints' death;  
Thy servant, Lord, am I:  
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son:  
My bands Thou did'st untie.

Thank-offerings I to Thee will give,  
And on God's name will call:  
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,  
Before His people all.

Within the courts of God's own house,  
Within the midst of thee,  
O city of Jerusalem,  
Praise to the Lord give ye.'



## XXV.

### NORTH PARISH, KELSO.

‘He shall build an house for My name.’—2 SAM. vii. 13.



WHILE resident in London, Mr. Nisbet was not indifferent to the wellbeing of his native town; and, entering heartily into the Church Extension Scheme, which was so vigorously prosecuted by the late Dr. Chalmers, he resolved, in dependence on the blessing of God, to put forth every effort in his power for the erection of a new and additional church.

In entering on a project of this kind, he was aided, after much consultation and prayer, by the Rev. James M'Culloch, minister of the parish, and by Messrs. Alexander Leadbetter, John Henderson, and Robert Williamson, members of the kirk-session. Though they had many difficulties to meet, and no small degree of opposition to encounter, they gave themselves right earnestly to the prosecution of the work, and

having purchased a suitable site at an expense of about £500, the foundation stone was laid, in presence of the presbytery, the kirk-session, the trustees, and other friends, on the 3d May 1836. In due time the building was completed, and, in auspicious circumstances, it was opened for public worship on the 26th November 1837, the Rev. Dr. Muir of St. Stephens, Edinburgh, officiating in the forenoon, and the Rev. J. A. Wallace, of Hawick, in the afternoon.

The expense of the building, when completed, amounted to £3000, and by far the greater part was either given or collected by Mr. Nisbet. And not only so, but long after Dr. Horatius Bonar was appointed to the charge, and after the infant and juvenile schools were brought into a state of active and efficient operation, he continued to take the liveliest interest in everything connected with the prosperity of the church; and from time to time he subscribed largely, for the upholding of divine ordinances, and for the effecting of all necessary repairs on the buildings. From a little work entitled ‘Kelso,’ edited by Dr. McCulloch, and containing the sermons and services, both at the opening of the church, and at the ordination and introduction of the first minister, I extract, from the introductory notice, the following passage, because of the graceful tribute therein paid to the character and services of Mr. Nisbet:—

‘Kelso can now point with gratitude and pride to

her two parish churches, and to an important accession to her means of juvenile education. And the ground for satisfaction is the greater, that the new edifice,—which comprises both church and schools,—forms a splendid addition, as well to the public ornaments, as to the ecclesiastical resources, of the town; being admirable alike for the beauty of its situation, the chasteness of its external architecture, and the simple elegance of its interior arrangements. For a boon so much exceeding what many more destitute localities have obtained, the parish is mainly indebted to the suggestion, exertions, and sacrifices of a single individual,—a native, though not a resident, whose munificence to his birthplace might claim an ampler eulogy, did not the circumstances under which the present publication appears, as well as the maxim “not to sacrifice to public benefactors till after sunset,”—forbid it.’

At the time of the Disruption, Dr. Bonar, his office-bearers, and the congregation generally, gave in their adherence to the principles of the Free Church, but they still continued to worship in the same sanctuary as before; and had Dr. M’Culloch, a very amiable and highly accomplished man, retained his former position, as minister of the parish, it is more than probable that no attempt had been made to eject them from the church and schools, which had been erected almost exclusively by means either



contributed by themselves, or by others now belonging to the Free Church. It appears, however, that there were parties connected with the Church of Scotland, who were unwilling that such a state of matters should be permitted to continue, and after the congregation had retained possession of the building for a period of more than twenty years after the Disruption had taken place, it was not without a feeling of astonishment and regret, that the Establishment, acting according to the formalities of law, but ignoring the principles of justice and of equity, were advised to adopt such measures as have enabled them to take the entire property into their own possession, while the ejected congregation have been subjected to the annoyance and expense of providing another place of worship for themselves.

Whatever may be the future history of the church which James Nisbet originated, there can be no doubt with regard to this point; that, in the days gone by, it has been the centre of the most blessed influences to Kelso, and to all the surrounding district, while there are movements and memories in regard to the triumphs of evangelical religion which will live in the records of eternity for ever. This is well and strikingly brought out in the address which was delivered at the closing services by the Rev. John Fordyce, minister of the Free Church at Dunse. He says—

‘ From the first day until now a clear gospel has been shining within these walls. The grand truths of God’s word have been faithfully unfolded. Two classes have been dealt with, and only two—the saved and the unsaved. A full Christ and a free salvation have been the great themes. The sinner has been called to an immediate acceptance by a simple faith, and the immediate surrender of a will turning to God. The trumpet from this watch-tower has given a certain sound on the great verities of ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. The way of peace with God has been made plain. Men have not been hushed into deeper slumber by vague hopes and a dim religious light ; but roused to alarm by real danger, or led to solid peace in a sure and present salvation.

‘ And the Lord owned these truths in the conversion of souls. More than twenty years ago, when the Spirit was poured out at Kilsyth, Dundee, and in many parts of Scotland, He visited these borders also ; and of this house it could be said, of this man and that man, yea of many, that they were born here. The instruments were various ; but most of all the Lord honoured your beloved pastor, when his messages of truth and love came in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

‘ Recollections multiply of men of God who have testified for Christ within these walls. A cloud of

witnesses seems to gather over us, as we link the momentous present to the memorable past. We had here the transparent simplicity, the holy unction, the melting pathos of Robert M'Cheyne ; and the truth, radiant and refreshing,—things old and new happily blended,—from his biographer. Alternating with the latter, a gifted and intrepid brother, always welcome, came from the west ; and long ago the glowing theology of Dr. Hamilton was here, ere he had begun in London his own “ Life in Earnest.” Here you had the venerable Dr. Henry Duncan ; and Cæsar Malan, a winner of souls. Dr. Henry Grey came in the meekness of wisdom ; and Dr. Henderson, returning to his native town, with truth moulded into symmetry, found here the church of his fathers. Hewitson, of fragrant memory, gave you the benefit of his deep spiritual insight ; and John Milne of Perth, still happily spared, and ever seeking souls, whether on the banks of the Ganges, the Tay, or the Tweed, is associated here with times of blessing.

‘ Many missionaries have here told of God’s work abroad, of whom I can only name a few : Dr. Wilson, laden with Oriental learning ; Mr. Nesbit, unfolding Satan’s delusions, and the gospel as the wisdom of God ; and Dr. Duff, with gorgeous imagery and ever-glowing zeal for Christ and for India. In days of peace or conflict we have had Maitland Macgill Crichton, by flaming logic burning his way

through all sophistries to a clear conclusion ; and Thomas Guthrie, devoting his wisdom and eloquence to doing good ; the elegant historian of our struggles, and the gifted principal of our central college ; and latterly, not a few of that goodly band of godly laymen who have been raised up for a great work in our day.

‘ Time would fail to tell of communion seasons, so rich in blessing as at once to fit for trial, and be a foretaste of heaven ; of young and old, rich and poor, finding Christ within these walls ; of strangers coming gay and godless, and leaving Kelso to follow Jesus ; of young life blossoming with spiritual promise ; of ripening fruits of righteousness in active life ; and of dying testimonies to the power of grace. Let this suffice ; and to God be all the glory ! ’

We give another vigorous extract :—

‘ Mr. Nisbet, the public benefactor of Kelso, is no more amongst us here. *His sun is set. Behold the sacrifice !* Brethren, what is it ? Mark it well. His will in reference to the sanctuary he did so much to build reversed ; the congregation with whom he delighted to worship expelled ; the minister ejected from this watch-tower, which he himself had raised, and that minister his own loved and honoured friend !

‘ We see strange things to-day. Great thoughts of heart are here that find no expression. A deed is about to be consummated which may well make Kelso blush. For what is it that your town, em-

bowered in charming scenery, is most known and noted throughout the Christian world? Is it your ducal residence, or historic castle, your fine old abbey, or the meeting of the waters, celebrated in Border minstrelsy? Nay, verily. But it is that these twenty years and more there has lived and laboured here one whose winged words have gone forth through many lands; whose tracts have multiplied to millions; whose hymns have animated the faith and brightened the hopes of the saints; whose book for anxious souls, Anglican authorities pronounce to be the best ever written; who has been the comforter of tens of thousands of mourners; and, in a word, one who has given an impress to the Christianity of the nineteenth century.'

I leave these emphatic extracts to speak for themselves. Had James Nisbet been alive, the crisis to which they refer had no doubt been to him a great surprise and a source of unspeakable regret; and perhaps, as Mr. Fordyce has hinted, he might have made the whole land ring with the story of the congregation's wrongs. But, after all, he never could have seen cause to repent of the noble efforts he had made, by the erection of such a church, and the calling of such a minister, for the furtherance of the Redeemer's cause. Even though the structure which he so greatly admired were to be razed to its foundations, or swept utterly from the face of the earth,

and the bell which bears the name of its generous donor were to become mute and silent for ever, enough, and more than enough, would still remain, in the hallowed memories of Dr. Bonar's earnest ministry, and in the many precious souls converted by his tracts and his preaching, to counterbalance the unexpected disappointment, and to compensate a thousandfold for all the labour, and the anxiety, and the wealth expended in the erection of the structure, within whose sacred courts the congregation, whom he greatly loved and for whom he earnestly prayed, had sat so long, and with such evident delight, under the shadow of the Saviour's wings.

Upon the procedure in this matter of the Established Presbytery of Kelso I pronounce no judgment and no censure. Perhaps they had the honest conviction that they were discharging an incumbent duty to the church to which they belong. But I am sure that many in their own communion, as well as in other denominations, will regret that they, of whom better things might have been expected, are the *only* parties who have cast contempt on the memory of a man whom all others have sought to honour; that they, too, even in the place of his birth, which he had done so much to ameliorate, have laid rude hands on the great work which has been so eminently blessed by the great Head of the church, and have thereby become the instruments of raising im-

pregnable barriers to prevent his righteous deeds from following him out of the sanctuary which he had built, into the great eternity into which he has now entered. God, no doubt, in the infinitude of His resources, and in the greatness of His power, will find other channels through which they may still continue to flow upon the earth, and other doors, besides those of the sanctuary from which His devoted servant has been ejected, by which they may enter into the heavenly places where the glorified are worshipping ; but His, and His alone, will be all the glory.

‘ Upward, where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent, in their turning  
Round the never-changing pole ;  
Upward, where the sky is brightest,  
Upward, where the blue is lightest,  
Lift I now my longing soul !

Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair !

Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there !

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes ;

Where life’s stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving,  
That must be the home of homes !

Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
    Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,  
    Son of God, they own, they own Him ;  
With His name the palace rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His blessed feet !  
    Poor the praise that now we render,  
    Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His throne we meet !'







## XXVI.

### ADDITIONAL CHURCH FOR HAWICK.

‘Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.’—Ps. xvi. 3.

**B**EING greatly shocked and grieved with the scandalous and outrageous conduct of the populace at Hawick during the election of a member of Parliament for the county, Mr. Nisbet became deeply impressed with the importance of having provided for them an additional place of worship, and an additional minister, being thoroughly convinced that the only effectual method of guarding against such excesses in all time coming was to subject the masses of a neglected population to pastoral superintendence, and to bring them within reach of the ordinances of the gospel. For this, indeed, there was an urgent necessity, the parish church being incapable of containing more than seven hundred, and the population of the town and neigh-

bourhood amounting at that time to at least six thousand, of which more than two-thirds fell to be provided for by the Established Church.

Occupying the humble position of a mere tradesman in London, and having no property in the parish of Hawick, it seemed very unlikely that any effort which he could make would accomplish the end upon which he had set his heart. But when a man is thoroughly in earnest in regard to the accomplishment of any good work, and, in spite of every obstacle and discouragement, looks, by prayer and in faith, for the countenance and the blessing of God, it is wonderful how rapidly the most formidable difficulties begin to disappear, and how providentially, and by what unexpected openings, the path of duty is made perfectly plain before him.

And so it was in the present instance. Having provided himself with the necessary statistics, and being introduced by the Duchess of Gordon to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, the patron and principal heritor of the parish, he was admitted more than once to the privilege of a personal interview, and took occasion very earnestly to press the matter on his Grace's attention. At a later period, and after formidable difficulties had been suggested on the part of some of the Duke's agents, he addressed a long letter to him, distinguished for great tact, and fidelity, and good feeling, and impassioned earnestness. The close

of the letter is in these words : ‘ Oh, let it not any longer be said that the noble Buccleuch is a generous landlord, and generous in everything but to the poor church of Christ in Scotland. But I fear I have trespassed ; yet, having nothing to ask for myself, I feel bold thus to write ; and may God incline your heart to receive this epistle in the affectionate spirit in which I trust I have written it, and to forgive the earnestness of one who is only anxious for his country’s good.’

His prayers at the mercy-seat were heard, and the desire of his heart was granted. His Grace, having the matter fairly and honestly brought before him, with the generous and philanthropic spirit for which he is distinguished, made immediate arrangements, entirely at his own expense, for providing the required accommodation, by the erection of a new and magnificent place of worship.

By means of the Disruption, which occurred shortly after the building was completed, the church, as a matter of course, was withdrawn from the Free Church party, with which Mr. Nisbet was very closely associated, and the benefits arising from the erection are now enjoyed by the Established Church. Having had myself a deep personal interest in the matter, I shall ever feel grateful to the Duke of Buccleuch for the many acts of kindness which, in regard to this and other matters, I have had the pri-

vilege of receiving at his Grace's hands. And, however strongly I am attached to the principles of the Free Church of Scotland, I am glad of the opportunity of saying, that my successor in the parish church, which I was constrained, by a sense of duty, to leave vacant, has earned for himself, in the town and neighbourhood of Hawick, a high position and an honourable name, by the faithful and judicious manner with which, amid many difficulties, he has devoted himself to the discharge of his official duties. And though, because of the testimony I have been called to lift up for the Headship of Christ and the liberties of His people, I cannot honestly approve of the constitution and the actings of the church of which he is an able and distinguished minister, I am not precluded, by the principles which I hold, from expressing the desire which I feel, that in superintending the Ragged School, which he had the honour of instituting, he may inherit the rich blessing of many that are ready to perish; and that, in the sanctuary which James Nisbet projected, and which the noble Duke has so generously erected, he may proclaim the tidings of the great salvation with such purity and power, as shall tend to the conversion of perishing sinners, and thereby verify the saying of the Psalmist of old: 'The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man and that man was born there.'

‘ Whatever clouds are on the wing,  
Whatever days the seasons bring;  
That is true happiness below,  
Which conscience cannot turn to wee;  
And though such happiness depends  
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends;  
When friends and days and clouds unite,  
And kindred chords are tuned aright,  
The harmonies of heaven and earth,  
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth  
To joys too exquisite to last,  
And yet more exquisite when past.  
Bliss in possession cannot last:  
Remembered joys are never past;  
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,  
They are, they were, and yet shall be.’





## XXVII.

### HIS LAST DAYS.

'They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.'—Ps. xcii. 14.

'Abide **with** me; fast falls the eventide;  
The **darkness** deepens; Lord with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I **see**;  
O Thou who changest not, abide **with** me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;

Where is death's sting, where grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me.'



FEW months before his death, he took what turned out to be his last journey to Scotland. In his pocket note-book, he had put down the names and addresses of a long list of friends and acquaintances, and out of these he had the opportunity of visiting or calling upon upwards of a hundred in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hawick, Kelso, and other places.

About the same time, he attended the meetings of the General Assembly of the Free Church, the Moderator's breakfast, the Female India School meeting, the breakfast of the Friends of Sunday Schools, and three diets of worship in Canonmills Hall. A few days after, he dined with the Governors of Heriot's Hospital, visited in the West Port, the Grassmarket, the Cowgate, the Canongate, and Leith Wynd, and went through Heriot's Hospital, Watson's Hospital, the Merchant Maiden's Hospital, and the Normal School.

As he had sometimes spoken of retiring from London, and taking up his residence in Scotland, he was no doubt seeking materials for the same kind of

genial employment in Edinburgh, which he had prosecuted so long, and with so much success, amid the charitable institutions of London.

On his return to London, he resumed his former work with the same vigour and heartiness as before, working with all his might, in season and out of season ; and the multiplicity of his labours may be judged of, when I mention, that the meetings of religious and charitable institutions he was invited to attend, during the last two months of his life, amounted to more than a hundred ; while these were his engagements for a single day : ‘Orphan Working School, 7.15 ; Finance Committee, 11 ; Middlesex Hospital, 12 ; Presbytery Meeting, 3 ; Foreign Missions, 5 ; Regent Square Church, 7. On the 5th November, the last Sabbath of his life, he acted as an elder in Regent Square Church ; and while all unpleasant feelings, engendered by the circumstances which suggested the resignation of his office, seemed to have passed from his own mind, his alert movements, and his genial presence, as in the days gone by, were hailed by the congregation at large with unmingled satisfaction and delight.

‘Come, labour on !  
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain ?  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
“Go work to-day.”



Come, labour on !  
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,  
To young and old the gospel gladness bear ;  
Redeem the time—its hours too swiftly fly—  
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on !  
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,  
Servants, well done !'





## XXVIII.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

‘He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.’—ISA. LVII. 2.

**I**N a letter which he wrote to me not very long before his removal, he says—  
‘It is comfortable to know that our best Friend liveth. I have much difficulty in realizing the near approach of death, although I am now beginning to stand almost alone. I can write and moralize about it; but, in good earnest, to look it in the face is far different. May the Lord prepare me for whatever is His will, and then, come life or death, it shall be well.’

Moreover, in looking forward to the final change, I believe he was not free from a feeling of anxiety and alarm: a feeling which arose not so much from any doubt as to his personal interest in the great salvation, but from a constitutional repugnancy to

the weakness, and the wasting, and the agony which are so often attendant on the breaking down of the mortal tabernacle. And to a man of such active habits, and of so much energy of character, I cannot help thinking, that a season of severe and protracted sickness could scarcely have been appointed to him without greatly marring his comfort, and pressing very heavily upon his heart; while the spectacle of growing infirmities, or of agonizing sufferings, had been no less trying to those around him than to himself.

But from all this he was mercifully delivered. He fell, like a good soldier of Christ, with his armour on, in the very field where, all his life long, he had been right heartily engaged in his Master's service, and without any of the accompaniments that were fitted to try his patience or his faith. On Tuesday the 7th of November, he went as usual before breakfast to the Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, and in walking rapidly up the avenue he complained of pain about the region of the heart. But he went through the business in hand, and afterwards attended a committee meeting in the city, when he came home, and having partaken of a little refreshment, he went to bed. As a precautionary measure, Dr. Stewart, his medical adviser, was sent for, but neither he nor any of the family were apprehensive as to the issue, he himself

seemed so cheerful, and complained so little of his ailments. When the doctor called next day about two o'clock, he raised himself on his elbow, and conversed for some time with great buoyancy, but in a moment suddenly he again complained of the pain, laid his head back upon the pillow, closed his eyes, and quietly fell asleep.

There was no articulate prayer, no parting counsel to surrounding friends, no dying testimony. Nor was this needed. By the uniform tenor of his conduct, and through the course of a long life, both in the church and the world, in the bosom of his family and in the walks of Christian philanthropy, he had been a living epistle of Christ, which might be known and read of all mankind.

'Death struck with no foreshadowing fears,  
He struck our joy when full of leaf;  
The ebb and flow of changing years  
Has never changed that tideless grief.

Upon the pool the shadows play,  
The glancing sunbeams wave and cross;  
But deep below and every day,  
There lies the under-sense of loss.

We miss his voice upon the stair,  
We miss the joyous night's farewell,  
Miss the quick glance and silver hair,  
Among the walks he loved so well.

This house is shadow of a shade,  
And we like birds whose nest is gone ;  
Yet round the wreck that has been made,  
The double wreck, they linger on.

To Him who made his face so bright,  
Who gave him such a shining soul,  
Then took him where he walks in light,  
'Mid the great ages' perfect whole.

Oh, stretch across the gulf of death !  
Oh, stretch to me that kindred hand !  
Be near me on this shore of faith ;  
Be with me when I quit the land.'





## XXIX.

### THE SAILOR'S HOME.

‘He bringeth them unto their desired haven.’—PSALM  
CVII. 30.



**MEETING** at the ‘Sailor’s Home’ on Thursday the 9th November, at twelve o’clock, stands recorded in his little memorandum-book, amongst the number of his prospective engagements. But ere that day had dawned, life’s stormy voyage with himself was over. The bark that had set out on many a friendly enterprise, and weathered many a perilous storm, had reached the quiet haven. And he who, like a mariner, homeward bound, had been toiling with such indomitable courage, and for such a lengthened period of time, amid the trials and the conflicts of this mortal life, had now landed on the peaceful shore, upon which no rough billow shall ever break, and found for his wearied spirit an asylum more

tranquil than the 'Sailor's Home,'—a place of calm and enduring rest in the mansions of his Father's house above.

'I thought of those whose struggles all were o'er,  
In the calm rest of God's untroubled sleep ;  
Of white-robed saints upon the tideless shore,  
Where none may toil or weep.

And then I thought of that far better land,  
From every storm and darkening tempest free,  
Where never billow sobs upon the strand,  
For *there* is no more sea.

Until I almost longed to be at rest  
From life's exceeding sorrow and its care,  
To join, even now, the anthems of the blest—  
Their perfect gladness share !

But while I dreamed of God's eternal home,  
Watching the shadows as they flitted by,  
Voices all dear and earnest seemed to come  
From out the grave and sky.

Bidding me work while it is called to-day ;  
To suffer, if He will, and so be strong ;  
To use His blessed gifts as best I may,  
For no true life is long.'



### XXX.

#### THE VICTORY OVER DEATH.

‘O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?’—I COR. XV. 55.

**I**N some respects it was a grievous shock and a bitter disappointment to surviving relatives, that the summons came to James Nisbet so suddenly. Yet, even here, it is not difficult to trace the hand of a Father; and the manner of his removal very forcibly suggests the remarkable words of the Divine Redeemer: ‘He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.’ Or as it is expressed in another passage, ‘If a man keep my saying he shall never see death.’

And so it was with him. Death indeed came to him, but he did his work so quickly, that the sufferer was scarce sensible of the sting which he once dreaded; he was not required to walk with sad and



weary steps through the darkness which he once apprehended to be so dreadful, nor was he left to sink amid the deep waters, which he once feared would pass over his head and overwhelm his soul, nor was he summoned to any dread encounter with the last enemy, coming forth against him with all the ensigns of his terrible power, and with his crown, his sceptre, his ghastly visage, and his envenomed sting, triumphing over him in his last agonies.

From all that is involved in these terrific images he was mercifully exempted, and his passage through the dark valley was so rapid, and his translation into heaven so sudden, that if asked by any of his heavenly associates how it had fared with him at the close of life's eventful journey, or what experience he had had of the sharpness and bitterness of death, he might truly say, 'I was so covered with the shadow of the Saviour's wings, and so hidden in the hollow of the Saviour's hands, that when death came to me, I had no felt experience of his power, nor did the dark valley leave any ghastly recollections upon my heart. The enemy that I most dreaded in the land of the living I never saw. The darkness was absorbed by the immortality. The death was swallowed up by the victory.'

In the course of my ministerial experience, I have met with remarkable instances of this kind, and they have almost invariably occurred in the cases of the

very men, who, though believers in Christ, were, by constitutional temperament, very apprehensive about the final change. It indicates a remarkable peculiarity in the details of Christian experience, and I account for it in this way. The mere agony of dying was not in their case reserved for life's closing scene. They had been dying, as it were, by anticipation. The pins of the tabernacle had been loosening for a lengthened series of years. Even when in perfect health, they had been taking frequent excursions into the regions of the shadow of death. According to the emphatic declaration of the Bible, they had been dying daily, dying inch by inch, dying piecemeal. And long before they had reached the close of their journey, all that death is designed to accomplish had already been effected. In other words, they were crucified to the world ; and being dead with Christ, they had risen to newness of life, and therefore, no further preparation was required. They were already ripe for glory. And when the summons came, theirs was like a translation. In the twinkling of an eye, and with perfect stillness and serenity, the soul quitted the mortal tabernacle, and without the opportunity or the necessity of saying, Farewell ; but with girded loins, and the burning lamp, was, in a moment suddenly, and by a hand unseen, caught up into the brightness and blessedness of heaven.

To those only who are left behind, there remains

the legacy of grief ; but, like all the legacies of earth, it lasts but for a little, and will soon pass away. For what is our life ? It is even as a vapour—a thin cloud which appeareth for a little while—a cloud sometimes mantled in darkness, sometimes gilded with glory. Whether it be the one or the other, it has no endurance. It soon vanishes away. But the inner life of the Christian, the life of God in the soul, is not like a cloud that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. It is like a star, set in the firmament of a higher world ; but it never goes out, like the flickering and the fading lights of earth. Continuously, and through all the watches of the great eternity, it waxes brighter and brighter, and shines on, undimmed and indestructible, for ever and ever.

Therefore the great matter for every man, when mourning over the removal of beloved friends who, by faith and patience, are inheriting the promises of God, is to make sure for himself of a personal interest in Him who is the resurrection and the life. For in that case, he is not only certain of a blessed reunion with the friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus, but even now, when encompassed with the trials of this mortal life, and when all things around him are fading away and perishing, he can lay hold of the precious declaration : ‘ He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and

whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.'

Reader, believest thou this? If thou dost, it will take the poison out of death's envenomed sting. The dark valley it will cover with the lustre of celestial light; and when the final summons comes, it will be brought by a hired servant, in the livery of Christ, not doing his own work, but executing the commission which Christ has put into his hands, and at Christ's bidding, opening the closed door, and letting you in through the gates, into the splendour and felicity of heaven.

'The apostle slept—a light shone in the prison,  
An angel touched his side.  
"Arise," he said; and quickly he hath risen,  
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,  
They heard no sound of feet,  
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,  
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes  
In nature's parting strife,  
A friendly angel stands where he reposes,  
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases  
The spirit from its clay;  
From sins, temptations, and from life's distresses,  
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion,  
It takes its silent flight,  
And feels its freedom in the large expansion  
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears times iron gates close faintly;  
It now is far from them;  
For it has reached the city of the saintly,  
The New Jerusalem.





### XXXI.

#### TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

‘I have made thee a great name, like unto the name of the great men that are in the earth.’—2 SAM. VII. 9.

‘Forget them not, though now their name  
Be but a mournful sound ;  
Though by the hearth its utterance claim  
A stillness round.

And though their image dim the sky,  
Yet, yet, forget them not ;  
Nor where their love and life went by,  
Forsake the spot.

They have a breathing influence there,  
A charm not elsewhere found ;  
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,  
The stream, the ground.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,  
Still tend their garden bower,  
Still commune with the holy dead  
In each lone hour.

The *holy* dead—oh! bless'd we are,  
That we may call them so,  
And to their image look afar,  
Through all our woe.'



THE tributes of respect which came pouring in from all quarters, though chiefly interesting to the members of his family, are remarkable for the high admiration which they express for his Christian character, and the warm gratitude which they evince for his benevolent exertions. Of course, it would be out of place to give them in detail. If printed, they would form a large volume of themselves. Special notices were recorded in such publications as the following : The 'London Record,' the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' the 'Christian Times,' the 'Literary Gazette,' the 'Evangelical Magazine,' the 'Patriot,' the 'Banner of Ulster,' the 'Youth's Magazine,' the 'Kelso Mail,' and others of a similar description.

Extract minutes, eulogizing his character, and lamenting his loss, were sent to the family ; from the General Committee of the Orphan Working Schools, Haverstock Hill, Thomas M. Coombs chairman ; from the House Committee, B. J. Tomkins, chairman ; from the Sailors' Home, H. Hope, vice-admiral and chairman ; from the Asylum for Idiots, Andrew Reed, D.D. ; from the London Orphan Asylum, James Rogers, secretary ; from the Board of

Directors of Exeter Hall, William Grane, secretary ; from the Booksellers' Provident Institution, W. Meyrick, hon. secretary ; from the Commercial Travellers' Schools, Wansted, Robert Wilcoxon, chairman ; from the Governesses' Institution, A. Laing, chairman ; from the British and Foreign School Society, Henry Dunn, secretary ; from the Kirk-Session of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, Alexander Webster, clerk *pro tem.* ; and from the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England, George J. C. Duncan, clerk.

Besides these public documents, letters of condolence of a private character were written by Lady Georgiana Ryder, Westbrook, Herts ; Lady Effingham, Brighton ; Lady Harrowby, Llandudno, Conway ; Lady Elizabeth Orde, Basley Park ; the Hon. Captain Maude ; Miss Makdougall of Makerston ; James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers ; Mrs. Caroline Drummond, St. George's Place, Brighton ; Mrs. Mary le Dampier, Colinshays Rectory ; John Plumtre, Esq., M.P., Fredville ; John Shepherd, Esq., Frome ; Robert Ramsden, Esq., of Carlton Hall ; Thomas Murray, Esq., Lonsdale Square ; J. Shayler, Esq., publisher of the Wonston Tracts ; Joseph Soul, Esq., secretary of the Orphan Working Schools ; J. Tucker, Esq., Wantage ; David Dundas Scott, Esq., Briery-Yards ; Mrs. Main, Kilmarnock ; Mrs. Charlotte Henderson, Kelso ; Mrs. Isabella



Thomson, Highbury Vale ; Miss Helen Parnell, Female Penitentiary, Liverpool ; Mrs. Frances Thompson, Herne Bay ; Miss Caroline Fector, Seymour Place ; M. A. Blyth, Montpelier Terrace, Liverpool ; Elizabeth Overton, Duke Street, Portland Place ; Mrs. Nixon, Lynnwood ; Mrs. Lang, Nenthorn ; Miss Abercrombie, Moray Place, Edinburgh ; Mary Thomson, Bedford ; Miss E. Cooke, Shrewsbury ; Mrs. Mitchell, Birkenhead ; Miss Balbirnie, Kingsland ; Julia Pegus, Uxbridge ; Miss Laing, Weston ; William Dickson, Esq., St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh ; David Blyth, Esq., Newcastle ; Alexander Leadbetter, Esq., Kelso ; C. J. Stewart, Esq., Islington ; Thomas C. Jones, Esq., London ; Andrew Forbes, Esq., Southampton ; John L. Blaikie, Esq., Glasgow ; Edmund Hodgson, chairman of the Booksellers' Provident Institution ; Captain George Pierce, secretary of the Sailors' Home ; Rev. Richard Knill, Chester ; Rev. Dr. John Macfarlane, Ibroxholm ; Rev. Alexander Thain, Newport ; Rev. Joseph Burns, Whitehaven ; Rev. Dr. John Brown, Aghadowey ; Rev. Adam Thomson, Hawick ; Rev. Henry H. Dombrain, Deal ; Rev. Dr. Tweedie, Edinburgh ; Rev. Dr. Bonar, Kelso ; Rev. John Purves, Jedburgh ; Rev. Dr. Henderson, Glasgow ; Rev. Dr. Cæsar Malan, Geneva ; Rev. Alexander Philip, Portobello ; Rev. Robert Elder, Rothesay ; Rev. Dr. Hamilton, London ; Rev. Dr.

M'Kay, Melbourne ; Rev. John Weir, City Road ;  
Rev. Thomas Alexander, Chelsea ; Rev. Dr. Duff,  
Calcutta ; Rev. James Mitchell, Puna ; Rev. Robert  
Nesbit, Bombay ; Rev. Dr. Charles Watson, Edin-  
burgh ; Rev. Robert H. Craig, Deal ; and Rev. Dr.  
Thomas Guthrie, Edinburgh.

'Many, my friend, have mourned for thee,  
And yet shall many mourn,  
Long as thy name on earth shall be  
In sweet remembrance borne,  
By those who loved thee here, and  
Love thy spirit still in realms above.  
For while thine absence they deplore,  
'Tis for themselves they weep,  
Though they behold thy face no more,  
In peace thine ashes sleep,  
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye—  
Thou art not dead, thou could'st not die.  
In loftier mood, I fain would raise,  
With my victorious breath,  
Some fair memorial of thy praise,  
Beyond the reach of death ;  
Proud wish, and vain—I cannot give  
The word that makes the dead to live !  
Thou art not dead—thou could'st not die ;  
To nobler life new-born,  
Thou look'st in pity from the sky  
Upon a world forlorn,  
Where glory is but dying flame,  
And immortality a name.'



## XXXII.

### EXTRACT NOTES.

‘The memory of the just is blessed.’—PROV. X. 7.

**F**ROM the letters I select a few brief extracts tending to throw light on the main features of Mr. Nisbet’s character :—

1. ‘I shall never forget his kindness to myself as a mere lad in the populous metropolis of the British empire. I never read the eleventh verse of the last chapter of Second Corinthians without calling to mind that these were his parting words, as the boat with our party pushed from the shore at Gravesend : “Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace ; and the God of love and peace be with you.”’—W. R.

2. ‘Words of mine can never convey the love which I had for dear Mr. Nisbet. I love him, and will ever love him as I have loved few on earth. I mourn for his loss as the best, and truest, and kindest

friend I ever had, or expect to find in these last and evil days.'—T. A.

3. 'We often recall to our mind his appearance, standing at the plate at Regent Square, and one will hardly know it to be Regent Square without him. He was the landmark to those who knew the locality but imperfectly. All was right when they saw Mr. Nisbet.'—M. M.

4. 'I shall not dwell on your loss, but tell you what I have lost myself: a precious friend, whose countenance always beamed upon me, with a heart so full of warm love that I could cast myself upon him at all times. Yesterday morning when I knelt down to ask for you and yours help for the last sad scene, I could not but give thanks for the thirty-two years of his friendship I had been privileged to enjoy. Many blessings, much good to me have followed in the train of that friendship. The review is fragrant, and if we are spared to meet, it will be like an Elim in the wilderness to speak of these things.'—C. H.

5. 'I can and do feel your loss deeply as my own loss too. No one anywhere can be found who loved him more truly than I did, and after living so many years under his training, I could never remember him in temper or in anything but what the Christian ought to be.'—J. T.

6. 'My first recollections of the dear departed go to my early childhood, for he was one of a few

whose kindness and conduct helped me to believe there was a reality in religion, and you know how true a friend he has been to me through life.'—F. T.

7. 'My present home was from his kindness. His services were never prized sufficiently by many, but few will be found who have worked for the benefit of others like him. He has not left his like behind.'—H. P.

8. 'How this event has recalled many pleasant scenes which will never fade from my mind, of his kindness to my sister and myself, when we were left orphans. Now he will get the reward. But oh! it presses heavily on flesh and blood to think he is away.'—E. L.

9. 'Mr. Nisbet's will be a name held long in remembrance. From a child I have been taught to look up to and love him. Many will feel his loss, but our loss is his eternal gain.'—S. B.

10. 'Dear Mr. Nisbet, he was the only friend that went with me to Gravesend when I left for Russia, and you all cordially received me in your house of peace and love. The memory of the just is blessed.'—R. K.

11. 'My recollections of him for now nearly forty years are sweet and most satisfactory, and well may we who remain pray for more grace that we may follow him as he followed Christ.'—J. P.

12. 'Reflecting upon Mr. Nisbet's character, his

life, while it was a life in earnest as it regarded his business, was coupled with a life in earnest in devotedness to God and the Saviour.'—T. J.

13. 'What pleasure it was to find him chatting so kindly by his own fireside, and diffusing a glow of warmth and light, amidst the dreariness of a London fog! His looks and his words seem still present with me. And to how many has he been the source of comfort and satisfaction.'—J. D.

14. 'I have reason to be thankful that during my connection with the family at Berners Street I was led to possess for myself the pearl of great price.'—A. F.

15. 'On the Sabbaths spent in your house, eight to ten years ago, I many times look back with lively satisfaction and gratitude, being confident that I was powerfully influenced for good, and much encouraged and benefited by that social intercourse. For such kindness to myself, and to many more, the deceased will now reap a rich and enduring reward.'—J. B.

16. 'Looking back to the period when Mr. Nisbet first joined our institution, and contrasting it with the present time, I see improvements and comforts now which then were unthought of. He was the instrument of creating blessings for our poor orphans. The children who left all knew Mr. Nisbet. He had a kind word, and a little book, added to a shake of the hand, and some good advice not to be forgotten.'—J. S.

17. 'He has left behind him a splendid name, and though now he be the foremost to sing, as he was on earth, "To Thy name be all the glory," yet doubtless his loving Lord and Master has vouchsafed him his fitting and full reward.'—A. T.

18. 'The remembrance of his friendship and affection for myself for more than twenty years is very pleasant, and will remain so while I live. The last thing I heard him do was, in the name of the session, to thank Mr. Main for his ministrations amongst you during the month of August. He spoke like a man not only gratified by the preacher, but edified by the word, and overflowing with gratitude to God for the season of refreshing he had enjoyed.'—J. H.

19. 'I, for my part, cannot realize to my mind London without my friend Nisbet. Ah! beloved friend, allow your tears to flow, and bless the Lord who has enabled that child of God to be not only esteemed and consistent in his faith, but also devoted to the service and honour of Jesus.'—C. M.

20. 'It was my privilege in early life to form acquaintance with Mr. Nisbet under his own hospitable roof, and whenever Providence brought us afterwards together, I always experienced the warmth and faithfulness of his Christian friendship. I never, to the latest day of my life, can forget the kindness which pressed me to make the same hospitable house my home, at a time when the Lord's chastening hand

was upon myself and my wife, and when I was very unfit to be either an agreeable or edifying guest. But my experience has been that of very many to whom his heart and house were ever open for Christ's sake, and because of the love he bore to the truth and people of the Lord.'—R. E.

21. 'I was deeply affected by receiving the intelligence of the decease of my old, and true, and valued friend Mr. Nisbet. He was the last person I spoke to in London. He came to the Plymouth train to see us off. I cannot think of London without thinking of him, and feeling that I have truly lost a friend.'—M. M.

22. 'Next month it will be eight years since we lost Mr. Nisbet. His memory is still fresh and warmly cherished, and his works still follow him.'—J. H.

23. 'I was particularly struck with his richness in prayer. He visited me on my desolate return to England, and well he executed the friend and elder's part. He was indeed a large succourer of many, and I doubt not led many souls to salvation. Dear Dhanjibhai will lament as over a parent.'—R. N.

24. 'He was a rare man, rarely endowed by nature and by grace for the accomplishment of the important and peculiar work to which his Master had called him. His zeal, his untiring energy, his unbending firmness of purpose, his amazing devotedness



to his Master's cause, his boundless generosity, and other such-like gifts and graces, could not fail to render his life one of pre-eminent usefulness, and greatly to endear him to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance.'—A. D.

25. 'Amid the many solemnizing changes that are now taking place with such startling rapidity, none has so much impressed me as that which has broken up the family circle that used to be to me like a second home. The intercourse I have enjoyed in it during the many hours and days I have spent in its atmosphere of prayer and communion with God, the fatherly counsels I have received, and the acts of worship in which I have often joined, I must always reckon among the most privileged of my life.'—A. P. S.

26. 'My residence in London was always with Mr. Nisbet, bookseller. He and his family were warm and affectionate friends of missionaries. Three or four of us have been at his house at once. He greatly assisted us in preparing for our embarkation; and I have always found a home at his house since. His friendships have not been overlooked by the Master. As it was with Obed-edom, so it has been with Mr. Nisbet. The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, because of the ark.'—BIRRELL'S *Life of Knill*, p. 56.

In these extracts, there are many touching allusions

which a mere stranger may not be able fully to appreciate ; but in the hearts of those who were on habits of intimacy with him whom they miss, and over whom they mourn, they will awaken ~~sweet~~ memories of the bright and joyous days they were privileged to spend in his genial presence, or under the shelter of his hospitable roof. These reminiscences, however, can scarcely fail to be shaded and subdued by the sad thought, that the comfortable mansion is now closed, the family is entirely broken up, all its inmates are away, even their very graves are far apart from one another. The dust of James Nisbet is reposing beneath the pavements of Regent Square ; his venerable partner, and a little one whom he greatly loved, in the churchyard at Hawick ; his eldest daughter, at Elie, in Fifeshire ; and his youngest, in the cemetery at Highgate. We trust that those who were so lovingly devoted to one another on earth, have all reached the Father's house, where there are neither tears nor parting, and are now communing and worshipping together on the golden pavements of heaven, 'high in salvation and the climes of bliss.' But to those who are left below, the change from what once was, to what now is, is startling and solemnizing. For myself, I cannot think of it, without hearing, in the profoundest depths of my heart, the slow and measured movements of the pendulum in the old clock on the stairs.

'In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
Its great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at its board ;  
But like the skeletons at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased,—  
For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.  
O precious hours ! O golden prime !  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow !  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !

All are scattered now, and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
Ah ! when shall they all meet again !  
As in the days long since gone by ?  
The ancient time-piece makes reply,—  
For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death and time shall disappear,—  
For ever there, but never here!  
The horologe of eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    For ever—never!  
    Never—for ever!





### XXXIII.

#### FREE CHURCH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

‘Them that honour Me, I will honour.’—I SAM. II. 30.

**I**N the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, June, 1, 1855, Dr. M’Kenzie of Birmingham, as one of the commissioners from the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England, spoke as follows: ‘While many of the Disruption elders have been taken away from the Free Church, their sister church in England had likewise to utter her lamentation for that stanch friend of Presbyterianism and of missions, James Nisbet of London—a man who, on the memorable day of the Disruption, stood up in his place in that house, and, with a tearful eye and a grateful heart, tabled his thousand pounds, in testimony of his love for them, and of his admiration of the grace then granted them. All these bereavements are fitted to humble the one church and the other, and constrain them right

heartily and unitedly to say : “ Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men.”

The moderator, Dr. Henderson, of Glasgow, in returning thanks to the deputation, made special reference to the same bereavement : ‘ I cannot conclude without referring to an event which my friend Dr. M’Kenzie made allusion to,—the removal of a beloved friend and townsman of my own ; but of whom I speak here, not so much as my friend, but as the friend of our church and your church,—the late Mr. James Nisbet, who, as you have reminded us, stood on that step on the first night of the Disruption Assembly, and with a gushing heart and tearful eye, laid on the table, or rather put into the hands of Dr. Chalmers, his munificent offering. That event has not passed from our memory. The man will live long in the remembrance of those who knew him. He was a man, in some respects peculiar ; a man of strong feelings, of strong prejudices, and of strong affections. He had a most intense love of presbytery, and yet he had a heart which took into the embrace of its affections every man whom he recognised as a brother in Christ, whatever his denomination. Many are the servants of God who had experience of his Christian hospitality. He received many a righteous man as a righteous man. He received many a prophet in the name of a prophet ; and I believe that

now, according to the munificent liberalities he exercised, and by the promise of the great Giver of good, the great Rewarder of His people, he has gone to receive a righteous man's reward.'

'The church their hallowed memories takes in trust,  
 Their honoured names are registered above ;  
 Where'er its wings, expanding like a dove,  
 The Holy Spirit takes its flight untired,  
 Where'er the name of Christ the heart can move,  
 Where'er the cross is borne, the crown desired,  
 Their labours should be owned, their Christian zeal  
 admired.'





### XXXIV.

#### MURAL TABLETS.

‘For a memorial in the temple of the Lord.’—ZECH. VI. 14

‘*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed, for the *Christian* never dies.  
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more  
fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once hath  
breathed its air.’

**I**N the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, a mural tablet had previously been erected on one side of the pulpit, and at the expense of the kirk-session, to the memory of William Hamilton; and another on the other side, of the same kind of material, and of similar dimensions, was subsequently raised to the memory of James Nisbet. In some respects the men were widely different; but they were most closely and lovingly associated together in the ser-



vice of the same sanctuary. Nothing, therefore, could be more appropriate than the placing of such memorials in the house of God, which was so enshrined in the warmest affections of their hearts, and where, after the labours and struggles of this mortal life, their precious dust is now reposing. And though it is scarce possible to regard them in any other light than as pillars in the temple of our God above, yet it is pleasant to think that the names by which they were known on earth, and the memory of their righteous deeds, if engraven anywhere else than on the living hearts of those who loved them, should be inscribed, in close proximity to one another, on the walls of the same noble edifice which they were so instrumental in building up, within whose sacred courts their voices, in counsel and in prayer, were so often heard, and whose holiest solemnities, it can scarcely be supposed, have yet faded from their thoughts, even amid the light, and the music, and the ministrations of heaven.

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The following are the inscriptions on the tablets referred to :—

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esquire,  
A RULING ELDER OF THIS CHURCH,  
AND HONORARY SECRETARY OF ITS BUILDING COMMITTEE;  
IN COUNSEL SAGACIOUS, IN LABOURS ABUNDANT;  
A FAITHFUL STEWARD, AND A STEDFAST FRIEND;  
IN WHOSE CONSISTENT PIETY THIS FLOCK BEHELD A PATTERN,  
AND IN WHOSE UNSWERVING SUPPORT  
THE CHURCH OF HIS FATHERS RECOGNISED A PILLAR;  
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF SESSION.  
HE WAS BORN IN THE PARISH OF SANQUHAR,  
17TH MAY 1790,  
AND DIED AT LONDON, 11TH AUGUST 1851.

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES NISBET, Esquire,  
OF 21, BERNERS STREET,  
A RULING ELDER OF THIS CONGREGATION,  
AND A CHIEF INSTRUMENT IN THE ERECTION OF THIS CHURCH,  
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 8, 1854,  
AGED 69 YEARS.  
A PATRIOT, A PHILANTHROPIST,  
AND A MAN OF PRAYER,  
THROUGH WHOSE FATHERLY COUNSEL  
NOT A FEW OF HIS YOUNG COUNTRYMEN  
WERE GUIDED IN THE WAYS OF WISDOM;  
WHOSE HOUSE WAS THE MISSIONARY'S HOME,  
AND WHOSE WARM HEART AND OPEN HAND,  
UP TO THE LAST HOUR OF LIFE,  
WERE DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF  
CHRISTIAN CHARITY.



## XXXV.

### A SOLEMN RETROSPECT.

‘The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.’—  
Ps. cxii. 6.

**F**ROM the close of a sermon preached by Dr. Hamilton in Regent Square, May 8, 1859, I give here a passage which, for truth and justice, is only equalled by its beauty and its power :—

‘Thirty-two years have now elapsed since, under this roof, the first worshipping congregation met ; and it is a solemn thing to think, that already a generation has rolled away, and carried into the eternal state most of those who, so bright and joyous, greeted that May morning. Already for a quarter of a century, beneath the roof of St. Mungo’s ancient minster, has reposed that majestic form, round which, in its palmy prime, there rallied the *élite* of the Scottish nation here in London, and under whose

resistless spell those stately towers arose like magic. Already from his Edinburgh pulpit has disappeared Gordon's lofty brow and noble visage ; and we shall watch no more the lightning of his eye, nor listen to his voice enunciating great thoughts in tones of organic grandeur. And even he, who is now an immortal presence in his country's history—philosopher, evangelist, philanthropist, all in one—even he who, with a protest for the “old paths,” pre-occupied the new sanctuary, has now joined the sainted fathers in a higher walk, and made it impossible for us to let our children hear the specimen supreme of sacred oratory.

‘ Looking back, our first feeling is respectful gratitude to the friends and fathers to whose pious zeal we owe this house of prayer ; and from amongst whom two outstanding names come forth so memorable and conspicuous, as hardly to require their tablet on the wall—one who, with characteristic ardour, watched every beam of the rising structure, and took pleasure in every stone ; the other, who seemed to have repeated almost literally the Psalmist's vow : “ I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed ; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob,” and who, by the stedfastness of his principles, the tenderness of his affections, and the

sagacity of his counsels, has earned in every memory a place of love and honour, alongside of his open-handed, open-hearted colleague.

‘To them, and their gallant coadjutors, who, when the *éclat* and excitement of the new undertaking had yielded to days of difficulty and depression, still were steadfast, and refused to despair,—who, amidst shouts of “Lo here!” and “Lo there!” refused to quit the old paths, and who, when the crowded aisles were well nigh depopulated by protracted vacancies, nowise daunted, put forth that rarest form of Christian heroism, which refuses to weary in well-doing,—to them, the founders and conservators of this house of prayer, our thanks are this day due, not only for the service they have rendered to the cause of the gospel, but for the lesson they have bequeathed and the good they have done us by their high-souled, spirit-stirring example.’

‘Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain;  
It is the gate of life, and not of death,  
That they have entered; and the grave in vain  
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved;  
For death can only what is death’s destroy;  
And when this earth’s short ages have revolved,  
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain,  
And mortal weariness, is over now;  
Youth, health, and comeliness return again,  
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest,  
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,  
Soon to awake all glorified and bless'd,  
When day has broke, and shadows fled away.





## XXXVI.

### DR. BONAR'S ADDRESS.

‘A brother beloved, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord.’—  
PHILEMON, ver. 16.

**D**R. BONAR has kindly furnished me with the notes of the address which he delivered when announcing to his congregation the tidings of Mr. Nisbet's sudden and unexpected death. They are as follows :—

‘Nov. 12, 1854.—I cannot close this day's services without making special mention of one whose name is intimately connected with this town, and still more intimately connected with this church in which we worship. On Wednesday last, and in the presence of his family, he was suddenly called away from earth, and ushered into the presence of the Lord.

‘It was in July 1837 that I first became acquainted with Mr. Nisbet, when he entered into a correspondence with me as to my becoming minister of this church, then in the process of erection, in a great measure through his liberality and zeal. Since then our acquaintanceship was continued, and our friendship remained unbroken to the last. For myself I can say, that though there might be differences of opinion between us, as between all friends, there never was any shadow of alteration in the steady warmth of his attachment, or in the expressions of his deep interest in all things connected with this congregation.

‘He was a man, and had of course his imperfections. But there were so many things truly loveable about him, that in your intercourse with him you felt the bonds of Christian sympathy and brotherhood drawn more and more closely between him and you. You felt the value of his friendship; you enjoyed the easy flow of his conversation; you gave your confidence to his openheartedness and frank simplicity; you were profited by the suggestions of his shrewd and manifold experience; you were refreshed by the heartiness of his Christian cheerfulness; you were softened, as well as won, by the tenderness of his spirit—a tenderness of spirit which never failed to fill his eyes with tears at the simplest narrative of a conversion, or at the mere mention of



good news concerning any revival of the work of God either at home or abroad.

‘ 1. He loved his Bible and his Saviour. A verse from that book, and the mere mention of the name of his Lord, would touch and soften him at any time, and in the midst of any business, however uncongenial.

‘ 2. He loved the Sabbath day. He prized it as a day of rest ; he enjoyed it as a day of fellowship with God, and isolation from the world. Carrying with him to London the good old Scottish ideas of our fathers as to the sacredness of that day, he gave his testimony on every hand, both by word and deed, to the blessedness of observing it, as *once*, at least, it was observed in Scotland.

‘ 3. He was a lover of hospitality. He gave himself to the ministry of the saints. He was the Gaius of the church in our southern metropolis, and his house was ever at the service of any of Christ's servants, or indeed of any one who stood in need of it. He threw his door open to all.

‘ 4. He was a lover of good men. Much he could tell you of the past, and of the worthies of other days with whom he had held intercourse. There were few of the eminent Christians, for the last forty years at least, of whom he could not speak from personal knowledge. He delighted to give the hand of brotherhood to every Christian, and many

of their words and deeds did he treasure up and dwell upon. His house was the centre of a large portion of the vital Christianity of the last forty years in London.

‘5. He was a strong and decided Presbyterian. Though meeting continually with men of other denominations, he never let go his old principles, but held them unbroken and unaltered to the last. Of the Presbyterian form of government he had known the benefit, and he gave his testimony in favour of it wherever he was.

‘6. He was generous in his gifts for the cause of Christ. We knew his liberality here; and in London there were few Christian or charitable institutions that did not share it. He gave freely, as the Lord had given to him.

‘Friends and brethren, be followers of these fore-runners in the heavenly race. Follow them, as they followed Christ. Press forward more fervently. The time is short. The days are evil. The godly man ceaseth. The righteous are taken away from the evil to come. Awake, and sleep no more. Arise, and loiter no more. Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.’

‘Sow ye beside all waters,  
Where the dew of heaven may fall;  
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,  
For the Spirit breathes over all.

Sow, though the thorns may wound thee ;  
One wore the thorns for thee ;  
And though the cold world scorn thee,  
Patient and hopeful be.  
Sow ye beside all waters,  
With a blessing and a prayer ;  
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,  
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth  
Its warm and cheering ray,  
For the rain of heaven descendeth  
When the sunbeams pass away.  
Sow when the tempest lowers,  
For calmer days will break,  
And the seed, in darkness nourished,  
A goodly plant may make.  
Sow when the morning breaketh  
In beauty o'er the land ;  
And when the evening falleth  
Withhold not thou thine hand.'





## XXXVII,

### TESTIMONIES—WHY RECORDED.

‘That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus.’—PHILEMON, ver. 6.

**I** AM quite aware that by specially recording the preceding testimonies to the memory of my venerated father, I may be laying myself open to the charge of being actuated by a spirit of nothing more than vain and ostentatious display. At the same time I cannot help thinking, that the giving of so many tributes of respect from the pulpit, from the press, by means of official documents, and by private letters, does really present a phenomenon not undeserving of a passing notice. How comes it to pass that a mere tradesman, moving in the ordinary walks of life, should have made himself so well known, even amid the dense and enormous population of a city such as London,

and so enshrined himself in the esteem of his fellow-men, as to make his loss so deeply lamented and so extensively felt? Simply, I think, because without yielding to any ambitious aspirations, he confined himself to the sphere of life which had been assigned to him, and giving himself day by day to the diligent improvement of the talents which the providence of God had placed at his disposal, was ever ready to enter with alacrity and delight on any good work, which seemed likely to benefit his brethren of mankind, or to forward the interests of the church of Christ. He had no claims to anything like original genius. He did not even enjoy the advantages of a classical education. But he was not ashamed of the vocation which he pursued, as a mere tradesman, nor did he ever covet the company, or seek to obtrude himself on the notice of any that were moving in a higher rank of life than his own. Yet his sterling honesty was so transparent, and his outbursting affection so warm, and his burning zeal so palpable and apparent, as to invest him with commanding influence over personages moving in the highest walks of life, whilst they gave him a name and a place in the church, along with men who have left their mark on the present age, and whose memory is likely to be honoured and revered by generations that are yet unborn.

It is the memory of the righteous, not of the rich, or the noble, or the brave, which the Bible assures

us shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The greenest laurels ever planted on the conqueror's brow shall wither away. The noblest monuments ever erected on the earth shall crumble into dust and ashes. Even the records which the most faithful and accomplished historians have ever written shall pass into oblivion and become extinct. But 'they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

'Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light;  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

They were mortal too, like us,  
Ah ! when we, like them shall die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.'



### XXXVIII.

#### THE CONSTRAINING PRINCIPLE.

‘The love of Christ constraineth us.’—2 COR. V. 14.

**I** HAVE specially adverted to the good works which James Nisbet, during the course of a long life, has been enabled to perform; to the high position in the Christian world to which, by means of his benevolent exertions, he has risen; and to the many tributes of respect which, in various forms, have been paid to his memory. In enforcing the lessons which his life teaches, I have, moreover, proceeded on the assumption, that whatsoever things are lovely, or honourable, or of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, we are to think of these things, and to appreciate them, and to do them.

But at the same time it is well to remember, that whatever was excellent or estimable in his character, instead of springing from any virtuous principle in-

herent in his own nature, or being called forth with the view of establishing a righteousness of his own, is to be referred solely and exclusively to the sovereign grace of God—that grace which brought him first of all, in the character of a poor perishing sinner, unto Christ; and so enriched him with the blessings of the great salvation purchased with His precious blood, that, under the influence of constraining love, he felt it to be the highest of all privileges to consecrate himself and all that he had to His service.

On any other principle, it is not for a moment to be supposed that he could have acted in the way that he did. And now that he has gone hence, I doubt not that he is casting his crown before the throne, and ascribing, not in any measure unto himself, but unto Him that loved him and gave Himself for him, all the wisdom, and the glory, and the honour, and the power, and the victory, for ever and ever.

And so, reader, it must be with you. If, after spending a useful and honourable life here, you would enter at last into the kingdom of heaven, and take part with the glorified hosts that are worshipping before the throne, you must by faith be vitally united unto Christ—Christ living in you, and you living in Christ.

‘O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head !  
Our load was laid on Thee ;



*The Constraining Principle.*

Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—  
Bared'st all my ill for me;  
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—  
'Tis empty now for me.  
That bitter cup—love drank it up;  
Now blessing's draught for me.

The Father lifted up His rod—  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast sore stricken of my God:  
There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flowed;  
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thy open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred—Thy visage marred;  
Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire—  
O Christ, it burned on Thee!  
It was a hot, consuming fire,  
Even in the fair green tree.  
There did the fire feed and expire;  
Now it is quenched for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—  
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!

*The Constraining Principle.*

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Thy blood the flaming blade must slake ;  
Thy heart its sheath must be.  
All for my sake, my peace to make ;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

The holy One did hide His face—  
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee !  
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—  
The darkness due to me.  
But now that face of radiant grace  
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee ;  
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white, and tried,  
Thy glory then for me.'





### XXXIX.

#### CONCLUSION.

‘The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’—PROV. IV. 18.

‘Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main—  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.’



OF the true poet it has been said, *poeta nascitur, non fit*. His genius is not so much an acquirement of after life, as a natural gift; it is something that is born with him. Something of the same kind holds true, in a

certain sense, in the case of the most distinguished Christians, the men who have held the highest rank among the saints, and who have been the instruments of achieving the greatest amount of good upon the earth.

If you search the records of all history, I believe it will be found that the noble army, which have fought the good fight of faith with the valour of giants, and won the most glorious victories, are not the men who have spent their early days in indolence and vice, serving divers lusts and passions, and only surrendering themselves to Christ when their mental powers were enfeebled, and their earthly course was drawing to a close. Such men, like comets, may have startled the Christian world, either by their erratic movements, or even by the blaze of sudden light which they have put forth ere passing away ; and I do not deny that the conversion of a sinner in the decline of life, and the good which he has thereby been enabled to accomplish, are to be reckoned amongst the greatest miracles which it is possible for divine grace to achieve.

But I maintain, notwithstanding, that the men who, of all others, have been most eminently useful, are those who have been born from above in early life, or who by the Holy Spirit have been sanctified from the very womb. These I reckon to be the great magnitudes in the spiritual firmament—the lights that

have been shining from the very outset of their Christian course, shining continuously, unobscured by any dark clouds, and shining onwards and onwards with increasing lustre, till they have gone down, and passed within the veil.

That, I believe, was the case with James Nisbet. He died full of years, and full of good works, and he has left behind him a noble name, and a fragrant memory. But his heart was given to the service of Christ when he was very young; and all the habits by which he was distinguished, were formed, not amid the decrepitude of age, but in early life. Everything in his character that was excellent or praiseworthy, had its origin in habits that were begun amid the brightness and freshness of his youth. His prayerfulness, both in the closet and the family—his rising at an early hour in the morning—his strict observance of the sanctity of the Sabbath—the regularity of his attendance on the services of the sanctuary—his distribution of tracts and of good books—his love for the fellowship of godly men—his tender care for the widow and the fatherless—his warm and passionate love for little children—his close and faithful attention to the business of life—his exemption from the gross vices of a world lying in wickedness—his genuine and large-hearted liberality—his temperance and moderation in the use of the bounties of God's providence—and his earnest zeal for the salvation of souls and for the

extension of the church of Christ,—in all these we discover the distinctive features of his character, and the prominent movements of his every-day life. But he did not need to learn them, when his business transactions were crowned with abundant success, and, obtaining a name and a place amongst the saints, he was chosen and set apart as an office-bearer in the church of Christ. The little seeds which yielded so large a harvest were all sown in the days of his youth ; and the first lessons, which have led to results which have made thousands to wonder and admire, were all carefully learned when he was little more than a mere boy.

What a lesson does this teach to the young ! May the impression of it abide for ever in your hearts ; and, instead of wasting your earliest days in idleness and frivolity, may you have grace given from above to learn, amid the brightness and freshness of your youth, the lessons I have been seeking to draw from the life of James Nisbet ; that, emulating his holy example, and consecrating your every talent to the service of the great Redeemer, your path through life may be like the light of the morning sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day ; and that, when your earthly course is finished, and you go hence, the lustre of your holy example, and the memory of your righteous deeds, instead of sinking into endless oblivion, may long remain lingering with their blessed

influences behind you, even as the great sun, when it passes out of sight, and the eyelids of the evening are closed, still continues to gild the gathering clouds with glory, while the dark earth and the heaving sea are made radiant with the light, all pure and undefiled, that comes down from the golden gates of heaven.

‘Strike a louder, loftier lyre;  
Bolder, sweeter strains employ;  
Wake, Remembrance! and inspire  
Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was he for whom our tears  
Flowed, and will not cease to flow?  
Full of honours and of years,  
In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,  
Springs aloft his mighty name;  
For the memory of the just  
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was one whose open face  
Did his inmost heart reveal;  
One who wore with meekest grace,  
On his forehead, heaven’s broad seal.

Kindness all his looks expressed,  
Charity was every word;  
Him the eye beheld, and bless’d,  
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,  
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,

He could blend the awe of age  
With the sweetness of a child.

Wealth with free unsparing hand  
To the poorest child of need,  
This he threw around the land,  
Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest-day,  
Every grain on every ground—  
Stony, thorny, by the way—  
Shall an hundredfold be found.

Oft his silent spirit went,  
Like an angel from the throne,  
On benign commissions bent,  
In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,  
As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;  
Then the bliss of hope would spring  
On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,  
To the ignorant and vile,  
Stranger, captive, slave, he came  
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,  
Gold, instruction, raiment, food,  
Like the gifts of Providence,  
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,  
Shall eternity record,



*Conclusion.*

Which he durst not call his own,  
For he did them to the Lord.

As the earth puts forth her flowers,  
Heavenward, breathing from below;  
As the clouds descend in showers,  
When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,  
Warm with pure celestial love,  
Shed its influence on mankind,  
While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith, at length he died,  
And, victorious in the race,  
Won the crown for which he vied,  
Not of merit, but of grace.'



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| Now to Him who can uphold us.                           | - | - | - | - | - | R. A. Smith.   |
| 26. O Father, whose almighty power (Judas).             | - | - | - | - | - | Handel.        |
| *28. There is a land of pure delight.                   | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.      |
| *31 & 32. The earth is the Lord's.                      | - | - | - | - | - | R. A. Smith.   |
| *35. Jerusalem, my glorious home.                       | - | - | - | - | - | Mason.         |
| *38. Hear those soothing sounds ascending,              | - | - | - | - | - | Beethoven.     |
| *39. Walk about Zion.                                   | - | - | - | - | - | Bradbury.      |
| He shall come down like rain.                           | - | - | - | - | - | Portogallo.    |
| *43. Blessed are those servants.                        | - | - | - | - | - | J. J. S. Bird. |
| Enter not into judgment.                                | - | - | - | - | - | J. J. S. Bird. |
| *47. Ode on resignation.                                | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.      |
| †48. Hark, the Vesper Hymn.                             | - | - | - | - | - | Russian.       |
| The hour of prayer.                                     | - | - | - | - | - | Dowland.       |
| Thanksgiving Anthem.                                    |   |   |   |   |   |                |
| God save the Queen.                                     |   |   |   |   |   |                |
| †50. God bless our native land.                         |   |   |   |   |   |                |

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	Forgive, blest shade.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Callcott.</i>
	Morning Prayer.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Herold.</i>
51.	We come, in bright array ( <i>Judas</i> ).	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Handel.</i>
	Lead on, Lead on ( <i>Judas</i> ).	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Handel.</i>
†54.	Ye gates, lift up your heads.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Dr Thomson.</i>
	O send Thy light forth and Thy truth,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. A. Smith.</i>
†56.	Who is a patriot.	-	-	-	-	-	
	Praise the Lord.	-	-	-	-	-	
	Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Spanish.</i>
	Joy to the world.	-	-	-	-	-	
†59.	With songs and honours.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Haydn.</i>
	Hymn of thanksgiving.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mason.</i>
	God is near thee.	-	-	-	-	-	
60.	But in the last days.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mason.</i>
*64.	Great is the Lord.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>American.</i>
	Arise, O Lord.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>American.</i>
*69.	Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!	-	-	-	-	-	
*70.	I will bless the Lord at all times.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. A. Smith.</i>
*71.	Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. A. Smith.</i>
	God, the omnipotent.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Russian National Melody.</i>
†72.	The brave man.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>H. G. Nagel.</i>
	Lift up, O earth!	-	-	-	-	-	<i>G. F. Root.</i>
	From all that dwell below the skies.	-	-	-	-	-	
	When shall we meet again.	-	-	-	-	-	
	O wake, and let your songs resound.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Himmel.</i>
	All hail the power of Jesus' name.	-	-	-	-	-	
*75.	Blessed be the Lord.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. A. Smith.</i>
	Great and marvellous.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>R. A. Smith.</i>
*77.	Grant, we beseech Thee.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Callcott.</i>
	Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather.	-	-	-	-	-	
79.	The Lord is my Shepherd.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven.</i>
	Let Songs of endless praise.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mason.</i>
	My Faith looks up to Thee.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mason.</i>
81.	Beyond the glittering starry sky.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>J. Husband.</i>
82.	Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Michael Haydn.</i>
	Hymn of Eve.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Dr Arne.</i>
	Salvation to our God.	-	-	-	-	-	
84.	I will arise.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Richard Cecil.</i>
	Blessed are the people.	-	-	-	-	-	
86.	I was glad when they said unto me.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Dr Callcott.</i>
87.	Hark! above us on the mountain.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>C. Kreutzer.</i>
88.	Then round about the starry throne.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Handel.</i>
91.	Oh, how beautiful thy garments, O Zion.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>J. A. Naumann.</i>
92.	Put on thy strength, O Zion.	-	-	-	-	-	<i>J. A. Naumann.</i>

## CHORAL HARMONY—Continued.

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| 1. Let no dark'ning cloud annoy.            | - | - | - | - | - | German.      |
| The Reapers.                                | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.    |
| 2. There is a Ladye sweet and kind.         | - | - | - | - | - | Ford.        |
| Gentle Spring.                              | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.    |
| 4. And now we say to all, Good-night.       | - | - | - | - | - | Meihfessel.  |
| The fountain.                               | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.    |
| 5. Good Morning.                            | - | - | - | - | - | Bradbury.    |
| Swiftly, swiftly, glide we along.           | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.    |
| †9. May-Day. Colville.—Harvest time.        | - | - | - | - | - | Storace.     |
| Glossary of musical terms.                  |   |   |   |   |   |              |
| †10. Spring-time. Silcher.—Freedom.         | - | - | - | - | - | Scottish.    |
| Rosy May. Scottish.—The Daisies.            | - | - | - | - | - | Mozart.      |
| †12. Summer's Call.                         | - | - | - | - | - | Colville.    |
| Midnight.                                   | - | - | - | - | - | Donizetti.   |
| 13. Hark, the Curfew's solemn sound. 3 v.   | - | - | - | - | - | Atwood.      |
| 16. Serene and mild.                        | - | - | - | - | - | Webbe.       |
| 18. How sweet, how fresh this vernal day.   | - | - | - | - | - | Paxton.      |
| Stars of the summer night.                  | - | - | - | - | - | Cocking.     |
| 19. Thyrsis, when he left me.               | - | - | - | - | - | Callcott.    |
| 21. The Coquette. The Exquisite.            | - | - | - | - | - | Neithardt.   |
| Aldiborontiphoscophornio. 3 v.              | - | - | - | - | - | Callcott.    |
| 23. Swiftly from the mountain's brow.       | - | - | - | - | - | Webbe.       |
| *25. It is better to laugh than be sighing. | - | - | - | - | - | Donizetti.   |
| 27. Hark, the hollow wood surrounding.      | - | - | - | - | - | J. S. Smith. |
| It was an English Ladye bright.             | - | - | - | - | - | Hine.        |
| †29. Joyful be. Schneider.—Sweet peace.     | - | - | - | - | - | K. Smith.    |
| O lady fair. The last rose of summer.       | - | - | - | - | - | Moore.       |
| 30. The Skylark's song.                     | - | - | - | - | - | Mendelssohn. |
| Spring Morning.                             | - | - | - | - | - | Schneider.   |
| †33. Come and join our trusty circle.       | - | - | - | - | - | Gabler.      |
| The Forest. Karcw.—Sweet love loves May.    | - | - | - | - | - | Silcher.     |
| *34. Glad May-day.                          | - | - | - | - | - | Neithardt.   |
| 36. Good-night.                             | - | - | - | - | - | Hulme.       |
| Bright, bubbling fountain.                  | - | - | - | - | - | Waelrent.    |
| 37. From Oberon, in fairyland.              | - | - | - | - | - | Stevens.     |
| *38. The Chapel.                            | - | - | - | - | - | Kreutzer.    |
| †40. 'Tis dawn, the Lark is singing.        | - | - | - | - | - | G. Webb.     |
| Thrice hail, happy day.                     | - | - | - | - | - | German.      |
| Home! Home!                                 | - | - | - | - | - | Pax.         |
| Come joy, with merry roundelay.             | - | - | - | - | - | German.      |
| 41. Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph.             | - | - | - | - | - | Birch.       |
| *42. The Gleaners.                          | - | - | - | - | - | Mendelssohn. |
| *44. The Sight Singers.                     | - | - | - | - | - | Martini.     |
| Hail, festal day.                           | - | - | - | - | - | Bossini.     |
| 45. Thy voice, O Harmony.                   | - | - | - | - | - | Webbe.       |
| 46. Rural pleasure.                         | - | - | - | - | - | Kreutzer.    |



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	See the Sun's first gleam.	-	-	-	-	-	Schuffer.
49.	The Sprite Queen.						
	The Sun's gay beam.	-	-	-	-	-	Weber.
	Behold the morning gleaming.	-	-	-	-	-	Weber.
52 & 53.	All the Choruses usually performed in Locke's Music for Macbeth.						
55.	Hail, smiling morn.	-	-	-	-	-	Spofforth.
	See our oars with feather'd spray.	-	-	-	-	-	Stevenson.
57.	Come, gentle Spring.	-	-	-	-	-	Haydn.
†58.	Never forget the dear ones. 3 v.	-	-	-	-	-	Root.
	Merrily o'er the waves we go.	-	-	-	-	-	Bradbury.
	The foot Traveller.	-	-	-	-	-	Abt.
61.	The Chough and Crow. 3 v.	-	-	-	-	-	Bishop.
62.	The huge globe has enough to do. 3 v.	-	-	-	-	-	Bishop.
63.	May Morning.	-	-	-	-	-	Flotow.
	Come to the woody dell.	-	-	-	-	-	Pelton.
65.	Which is the properest day to sing?	-	-	-	-	-	Arne.
	Beat high, ye hearts.	-	-	-	-	-	Kreutzer.
66.	Now strike the strings.	-	-	-	-	-	Rudd.
	Since first I saw your face.	-	-	-	-	-	Ford.
67.	Step together.	-	-	-	-	-	Irish Melody.
	For Freedom, Honour, and Native Land.	-	-	-	-	-	Werner.
	The Mountaineer.	-	-	-	-	-	Tyrollese Melody.
	What delight, what joy rebounds.	-	-	-	-	-	German.
68.	Come, let us all a Maying go.	-	-	-	-	-	L. Atterbury.
	Hark, the Lark.	-	-	-	-	-	Dr Cooke.
	Here in cool grove.	-	-	-	-	-	Lord Mornington.
*73.	Come on the light winged gale. 3 or 4 v.	-	-	-	-	-	Calcott.
*74.	Sleep, gentle Lady.	-	-	-	-	-	Bishop.
76.	Sparkling little fountain.	-	-	-	-	-	Bradbury.
	The dashing air.	-	-	-	-	-	Evans.
*78.	On Christmas Eve the bells were rung. 3 or 4 v.	-	-	-	-	-	P. King.
80.	Hail, all hail, thou merry Month of May.	-	-	-	-	-	G. Shinn.
83.	The sea, the sea, the open sea.	-	-	-	-	-	C. S. Neukomm.
85.	The Singers.	-	-	-	-	-	C. Kreutzer.
89.	Call John.	-	-	-	-	-	American.
	The Traveller.	-	-	-	-	-	James King.
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	Soldier's Love.	-	-	-	-	-	F. Kucken.
93.	Forester sound the cheerful horn.	-	-	-	-	-	Sir H. R. Bishop.
94.	Gaily launch and lightly row.	-	-	-	-	-	Mercadante.
	My lady is as fair as fine.	-	-	-	-	-	John Bennett.
95.	See the bright, the rosy morning.	-	-	-	-	-	Carl Blum.
	The land of the true and brave.	-	-	-	-	-	Frans Abt.
96.	What shall he have that killed the deer?	-	-	-	-	-	Sir H. R. Bishop.

*The Series to be continued.*







